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GROTE'S PLATO:¹ THE AFFIRMATIVE, OR EXPOSITION, DIALOGUES.

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HAVING devoted an article to the negative and dialectic side of Plato, we must now consider him in his dogmatic or affirmative side. Mr. Grote reckons fourteen dialogues as more or less of this character, including some of the leading compositions of Plato,—the Republic, the Laws, Protagoras, Philebus, Timæus, Phædrus. It is chiefly as an affirmer of positive doctrine that Plato has been influential on the subsequent course of thought; his negative function has been so generally overlooked, that Mr. Grote's representation of it has all the air of a discovery.

In probing his affirmative views, we must bear in mind, not merely his negative character already dwelt upon, and his intense interest in the mere process of dialectic sifting, which was his ideal of research, but also the fact that he maintained and published different opinions at different times of his life, and left the separate and conflicting expositions in their original shape, without adjustment or reconciliation. The question then occurs, how are we to determine his real opinions? Our only means is to refer to the dialogues where the Sokratic elenchus is in abeyance; where

there is only the form, and scarcely even so much as the form, of antagonism, and where the substance is continuous monologue and uninterrupted dogmatism. The Timæus and the Laws are perfect examples.

The doctrines thus taught affirmatively might be reduced under various heads, according to the sciences that they respectively enter into. Thus, one set might be called Ethical and Political, which would include his theories of virtue and his schemes of society and social reconstruction. A second class might be termed Psychological, and would include a great number of suggestions as to the nature of the mind—the theories of pleasure and pain in the Philebus, for example. A third class would belong to Logic, inasmuch as we find him carrying out the Sokratic process of Inductive Definition, the method of classification by genus and species, and, in one Dialogue (Euthydemus), giving the first enumeration of Logical Fallacies. Lastly, we might group together his Physical, Physiological and Cosmical Theories, which, although of no value as science, are extremely curious as illustrating his own individuality, and the early speculative tendencies of the human mind. His leading dogma—the eternal, self-existent Ideas—has bearings in all the departments. In the particular instance

¹ Plato, and the other Companions of Sokrates. By George Grote, F.R.S. D.C.L. Oxon, and LL.D. Cambridge, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. 3 vols. Murray.

of the Idea of the Good, it belongs to Ethics ; as a theory of generalization and the nature of general ideas it belongs alike to Psychology and to Logic, being the first term of the Nominalist and Realist controversy ; and, from its lofty character as a producing cause of concrete things, it may be said to be a great cosmical agent. It also bears a part in the question as to the prior and the future existence of the Soul.

It belongs to the historians of Philosophy to collect and arrange the various items under these, or other, heads, with a view to bring them into closer comparison with the theories of other philosophers. The purpose of the present article is sufficiently served, if we review a select number of the Dialogues of Affirmation, as handled and criticised by Mr. Grote ; in the course of which review, some of the leading doctrines will come prominently before us.

Let us begin with PROTAGORAS. This dialogue exhibits Sokrates in controversy with the celebrated Sophist, Protagoras, in the presence of a distinguished society of listeners, most of them bearing an occasional part. It is characterised by setting forth a large and comprehensive ethical theory, with a great deal of matter that seems to be neither search nor exposition, but pure literary ornament. Hippokrates, a youth of high family, having just heard of the arrival of Protagoras in Athens, runs off to the house of Sokrates before daylight to announce the fact, and to request an introduction to the great man. Sokrates maintains one of his characteristic conversations with Hippokrates, as to the false persuasion of knowledge and the treatment of the mind, and they then proceed in company to Protagoras. In answer to the interrogatory of Sokrates, as to the nature of his teaching, he says, "I shall teach the young man what he really comes to learn : wisdom and good counsel, both respecting his domestic affairs, that he may manage his own family well ; and respecting the affairs of the city, that he may address himself to them most efficaciously, both in speech and in act." Hereupon Sokrates

doubts whether the political art is teachable, and for this plain reason ; that the Athenian public, who put it in practice, never have been anywhere to school to learn it. Protagoras defends his position in a long harangue prefaced by a fable : the gist of it being that the child is indoctrinated in ethical and political right and wrong from his earliest years by the contact of everybody around him. He is praised for this, and punished for that ; hears this called right and honourable, that called base ; he has to obey the laws of the city, and to respect its institutions ; and, in short, there is a constant process of assimilation going on all his life with the community that he lives in. All that he, Protagoras, can do is to second and enforce this public teaching, and, perhaps, improve upon it. As Mr. Grote remarks, nothing can be more just or true to fact than the account thus given of the moral and political education of the citizen ; although, coming from a professed sophist, many of the commentators regard it as empty and worthless, or else as low-minded immorality. "I think it one of the best parts of the Platonic writings, as an exposition of the growth and propagation of common sense—the common, established, ethical and social sentiments, among a community ; sentiments neither dictated in the beginning by any scientific or artistic lawgiver, nor personified in any special guild of craftsmen apart from the remaining community—nor inculcated by any formal professional teachers—nor tested by analysis—nor verified by comparison with any objective standard ;—but self-sown and self-asserting, stamped, multiplied, and kept in circulation by the unpremeditated conspiracy of the general public"—the omnipresent agency of King Nomos and his numerous volunteers."

In many of the dialogues Sokrates dwells on the fact that there are no recognised teachers of virtue and statesmanship ; it is only in this harangue of Protagoras that Plato gives the explanation, and it is the true explanation. When Protagoras has concluded, Sokrates steps in. He bestows high en-

comiums on the speaker, admitting that his conclusion is as well made out as it could be by continuous exposition. Indeed, as Mr. Grote remarks, it is a model speech for an orator of the public assembly. Protagoras "has sailed triumphantly upon the stream of public sentiment, accepting all the established beliefs, appealing to his hearers with all those familiar phrases, round which the most powerful associations are grouped, and taking for granted that justice, virtue, good, evil, &c. are known, indisputable, determinate data, fully understood and unanimously interpreted. He had shown that the community take great pains, both publicly and privately, to inculcate and enforce virtue; that is, what *they* believe in and esteem as virtue. But is their belief well founded? Is what they esteem really virtue? Do they and their elegant spokesman, Protagoras, know what virtue is? If so, how do they know it, and can they explain it?" In short, the Socratic Dialectic has to be brought to bear on the popular Rhetoric; and Protagoras must now submit to the usual cross-examination, which he does with a very bad grace, being soon entangled in hopeless contradictions. He loses his temper, and has to be soothed by the intervention of the hearers. Alkibiades remarks by way of pacifying him: "Sokrates acknowledges the superiority of Protagoras in rhetoric; if Protagoras acknowledges the superiority of Sokrates in dialectic, Sokrates is satisfied;"—the claim of a Socratic partisan for a *locus standi* to dialectic as a power over the human mind. We must leap the windings of the dialogue, to come at once to its remarkable ethical doctrine. The disputants had gone on, under the Socratic lead, discussing the parts or subdivisions of virtue, their agreements and disagreements, and they come to the special member, Courage, which Protagoras readily affirms to be a quality in the highest degree fine and honourable. Sokrates remarks that so-called courageous men may do rash and foolish things; and that, as blind ventures

cannot be reckoned worthy of approbation, Courage must consist in knowledge or intelligence. Protagoras doubts this; Sokrates then conducts him to the general question as to the function of knowledge in the matter of good and evil, and he admits that it would be disgraceful not to proclaim that knowledge or intelligence is the governing element in human affairs. Sokrates approves of his opinion, and remarks that he must be aware that a different opinion is prevalent; namely, that, often, men, knowing what is best, act otherwise on the spur of pleasure and pain. There is now but one step to the main position of the dialogue, which is to affirm, without qualification or reserve, that good and evil are identical with pleasurable and painful, and that virtue is an affair of measurement or computation. An intelligent man puts into the scale the pleasures and pains, present and future, so as to determine the balance. Weighing pleasures against pleasures, he ought to prefer the more and the greater; weighing pains against pains, the fewer and the less. If pleasures against pains, then, when the pains outweigh the pleasures, reckoning distant as well as near, he ought to abstain from the act; when the pleasures outweigh, he ought to do it. Protagoras acquiesces in this position.

"Such is the ethical theory which the Platonic Sokrates enunciates in this dialogue, and which Protagoras and the others accept. It is positive and distinct, to a degree very unusual with Plato. We shall find that he theorises differently in other dialogues; whether for the better or the worse, will be hereafter seen. He declares here explicitly that pleasure, or happiness, is the end to be pursued; and pain, or misery, the end to be avoided; and that there is no other end, in reference to which things can be called good or evil, except as they tend to promote pleasure or mitigate suffering, on the one side—to entail pain or suffering on the other. He challenges objectors to assign any other end. And thus much is certain—that in those other dialogues where he himself departs from the present doctrine, he has not complied with his own challenge. Nowhere has he specified a different end. In other dialogues, as well as in the Protagoras, Plato has insisted on the necessity of a science or art of calculation: but in no other dialogue has he told us distinctly what are the items to be calculated.

"I perfectly agree with the doctrine laid down by Sokrates in the Protagoras, that pain or suffering is the End to be avoided or lessened as far as possible—and pleasure or happiness the End to be pursued as far as attainable—by intelligent forethought and comparison: that there is no other intelligible standard of reference, for application of the terms Good and Evil, except the tendency to produce happiness or misery: and that if this standard be rejected, ethical debate loses all standard for rational discussion, and becomes only an enunciation of the different sentiments, authoritative and self-justifying, prevalent in each community. But the End just mentioned is highly complex, and care must be taken to conceive it in its full comprehension. Herein I conceive the argument of Sokrates (in the Protagoras) to be incomplete. It carries attention only to a part of the truth, keeping out of sight, though not excluding, the remainder. It considers each man as an individual, determining good or evil for himself by calculating his own pleasures and pains: as a prudent, temperate, and courageous agent, but neither as just nor beneficent. It omits to take account of him as member of a society, composed of many others akin or co-ordinate with himself. Now it is the purpose of an ethical or political reasoner (such as Plato both professes to be and really is) to study the means of happiness, not simply for the agent himself, but for that agent together with others around him—for the members of the community generally. The Platonic Sokrates says this himself in the Republic: and accordingly, he there treats of other points which are not touched upon by Sokrates in the Protagoras. He proclaims that the happiness of each citizen must be sought only by means consistent with the security, and to a certain extent, with the happiness of others: he provides as far as practicable that all shall derive their pleasures and pains from the same causes: common pleasures, and common pains, to all. The doctrine of Sokrates in the Protagoras requires to be enlarged so as to comprehend these other important elements. Since the conduct of every agent affects the happiness of others, he must be called upon to take account of its consequences under both aspects, especially where it goes to inflict hurt or privation upon others. Good and evil depend upon that scientific computation and comparison of pleasures and pains which Sokrates in the Protagoras prescribes: but the computation must include, to a certain extent, the pleasures and pains (security and rightful expectations) of others besides the agent himself, implicated in the consequences of his acts."

The essential identity of the pleasurable with the good, of the painful with the evil, is exceedingly distasteful to the great mass of the Platonic commentators,

and they regard it as not seriously meant, but as a sort of jest or mockery against Protagoras. On the contrary, Mr. Grote contends that nowhere in Plato is there to be found any train of argument more direct, more serious, and more elaborate than what is here furnished by Sokrates. Instead of thinking lightly of the speech of Protagoras, he would think very highly of that sophist, if he thought him capable of composing it. Plato, it is true, does not maintain this theory elsewhere; in the Gorgias, Republic, Phædrus, and others, he discards calculation, and insists on the health of the mind as the principle of moral rectitude.

Let us now refer to the GORGIAS: for, although it may be classed with the dialogues of Search, it contains several well-marked ethical doctrines affirmatively declared. We find Sokrates here maintaining the position that to do evil is the worst thing that can happen to any one; the evildoer is the most miserable and pitiable of men. He that suffers evil is unfortunate, but much less so than the doer. The greatest blessing that can happen to the unjust man is to be punished; the greatest misery is to escape. Archilaus, who waded through slaughter to the throne of Macedonia, was the most miserable of mankind. All this proceeds on the theory of mental health as identified with virtue, and mental taint as connected with vice: a mere metaphor or analogy that determines nothing. Under all Plato's changes of view, virtue was self-regarding; either it was a calculation of individual pleasures and pains, or it was a regard to a high ideal of mental health. By the help of Mr. Grote we may put one point of the contrast of the Protagoras and the Gorgias thus:—The life of a man and of a society consists of successive moments of action and feeling. But at each moment we may draw a distinction between a transient impression, and the established character, habits, dispositions, intellectual acquirements, &c.—the accumulated mental capital of the past life. This permanent element is like the fixed capital of the trader, as compared to his annual pro-

duce; he must set apart, and abstain from devoting to immediate enjoyment, as much as will keep this unimpaired: he must do more, if he would improve his condition. Now in the Protagoras, the permanent element is pointedly distinguished from the transient; it is Knowledge, the Science or Art of Calculation. It is to take measure of all the transient elements, the pleasures and pains, present and future, near and distant, certain and uncertain, faint and strong. "The safety of life" (says Sokrates) "resides in our keeping up this science or art of calculation." No present enjoyment must be admitted that would impair it; no present pain must be shunned that is needful to uphold it. Yet its whole value is estimated by nothing but pleasures and pains. In the Gorgias the two elements are differently and less satisfactorily described. The permanent is termed Order, arrangement, discipline, a lawful, just, and temperate cast of mind, parallel to health and strength of body; the unordered mind is the parallel of the corrupt, disordered, helpless body; life is undesirable till this is cured. You must abstain from a particular enjoyment, not because it will bring a greater pain, or risk a greater enjoyment in the future, but because it will taint the soundness of your mind, which soundness or discipline is a thing existing for itself, and not a means to the procuring of enjoyment and the warding off of pain.

"Indeed there is nothing more remarkable in the Gorgias, than the manner in which Sokrates not only condemns the unmeasured, exorbitant, maleficent desires, but also depreciates and degrades all the actualities of life—all the recreative and elegant arts, including music and poetry, tragic as well as dithyrambic—all provision for the most essential wants, all protection against particular sufferings and dangers, even all service rendered to another person in the way of relief or of rescue—all the effective maintenance of public organised force, such as ships, docks, walls, arms, &c. Immediate satisfaction or relief, and those who confer it, are treated with contempt, and presented as in hostility to the perfection of the mental structure. And it is in this point of view that various Platonic commentators extol in an especial manner the Gorgias: as recognizing an Idea of Good superhuman and supernatural, radi-

cally disparate from pleasures and pains of any human being, and incommensurable with them: an Universal Idea, which though it is supposed to cast a distant light upon its particulars, is separated from them by an incalculable space, and is discernible only by the Platonic telescope."

Sokrates then leads an attack on the public Rhetors as pandering to the distempers of the public, instead of curing them. He affirms that no man can keep his independence of mind and aspire to political power, and that the philosopher, who is, by the law of his being, a dissenter from the creed of King Nomos, must abstain from public affairs. The exercise of the negative dialectic, the proper philosophical weapon, could only get a man into trouble. It is but too evident that Plato had here in his mind the fate of Sokrates, and that he had deeply reflected on the position and plan of life of an active-minded reasoner differing from the established opinions of the public. The Gorgias claims an open field for the self-acting reason of the individual against the authority of numbers and the pressure of inherited tradition. Mr. Grote thinks it significant that he does not renew the farther demand of Sokrates in the Apology—the liberty of oral and aggressive cross-examination, addressed to individuals personally of all ranks and degrees. The formal assertion of liberty of examination was worthy of the founder of the Academy—the first school of philosophy; but something less than the Sokratic practice behoved to satisfy the philosopher even in the most tolerant of existing communities. Mr. Grote refuses to acquiesce in the disparaging view of the Athenian orators here given, and recalls occasions under Perikles and under Demosthenes when they gave wholesome counsel to the Athenians, regardless of its being palatable at the time. But, notwithstanding his difference from Plato in this matter, and in the still more important matter of the ethical theory we have alluded to, he exultingly points to this dialogue as unequalled in the literature of the ancient world for its bold assertion of the title, position, and dignity of individual dissenting

opinions—ethical and political—against ethical and political orthodoxy. "The Athenians will judge as they think right; none but those speakers who are in harmony with them have any chance of addressing their public assemblies with effect, and acquiring political influence. I, Sokrates, dissent from them, and have no chance of political influence; but I claim the right of following out, proclaiming, and defending, the conclusions of my own individual reason, until debate satisfies me that I am wrong."

The PHÆDON is too remarkable in itself, and in our author's criticism, to be passed over. It is a marked example of the affirmative class, being engaged in proving the immortality of the soul. The interest felt by most readers, however, depends not so much on the argumentative exposition, which is both obscure and unsatisfactory, as on the personality of the expounding speaker, and the irresistible pathos of the situation. Sokrates had been condemned to death; but, by the well-known accident of the occurrence of the annual religious mission to Delos, his execution was suspended for thirty days, during which he maintained his conversations with his friends. The last of these conversations is that reported in the Phædon; it was continued up to the administration of the hemlock. In the hands of Plato, the pathos and dramatic force of the situation were sure to receive the fullest justice. In this point of view the conception of the Dialogue is to represent Sokrates as the same man that he was before the trial; unmoved by the situation, not feeling that any misfortune is about to happen to him, equally delighting in dialectic invention. He persists in a great argumentative effort in spite of the intimation of the gaoler that the heat of talking would lead to a distressing death-struggle with the poison. Not the least interesting feature of the extraordinary scene, in the eye of our author, is his unchanged and emphatic proclamation of the right of independent judgment for hearer as well as for speaker.

"He does not announce the immortality of the soul as a dogma of imperative orthodoxy; which men, whether satisfied with the proofs or not, must believe, or must make profession of believing, on pain of being shunned as a moral pestilence, and disqualified from giving testimony in a court of justice. He sets forth his own conviction, with the grounds on which he adopts it. But he expressly recognises the existence of dissentient opinions: he invites his companions to bring forward every objection: he disclaims all special purpose of impressing his own conclusions upon their minds: nay, he expressly warns them not to be biassed by their personal sympathies, then wound up to the highest pitch, towards himself. He entreats them to preserve themselves from becoming tinged with *misology*, or the hatred of free argumentative discussion: and he ascribes this mental vice to the early habit of easy, uninquiring, implicit belief: since a man thus ready of faith, embracing opinions without any discriminative test, presently finds himself driven to abandon one opinion after another, until at last he mistrusts all opinions, and hates the process of discussing them, laying the blame upon philosophy instead of upon his own intellect."

The first doctrinal view presented by the dialogue is a theory of the Soul or mind, differing considerably from that threefold partition, so elaborately set forth in the Republic and Timæus as to be commonly reckoned the view of Plato. The soul is made up, according to the last-named dialogues, of the Rational or Intellectual soul, located in the head; the Courageous, or Passionate (*thoracic*), placed between the neck and the diaphragm; and the Appetitive (abdominal) between the diaphragm and the navel. In the present dialogue, we have simply a division into soul and body; the soul being the seat of Reason, Intellect, the love of knowledge exclusively; while all that belongs to the second and third heads, Passion and Appetite, is put to the account of the body. There is a farther contradiction to a doctrine of the Philebus, namely, that desire or appetite cannot belong to the body, but only to the soul, being, in fact, an element of our consciousness and not a corporeal phenomenon. In the Phædon, the phrenology, or separate location, is dropped, to make room for a hypothesis of more independent existence; and the threefold composition is exchanged for an entity one and indivisible, which makes a

point of the argument. Again, uniformity or the absence of change is here predicated of the soul, in special contrast to the changing body, while, in the *Symposium*, soul and body are alike in constant flux and variation. These comparisons of the different dialogues show how Plato modified his doctrines to suit the occasion. For the end now in view, it was required that soul and body should be as sharply distinguished as possible. Then, Plato's immortality is one that chiefly concerns the philosopher, who alone complies with the conditions that makes it a state of bliss. The preparatory exercises consist in struggling against the passions, appetites, impulses, and aspirations, growing out of the body; in withdrawing oneself from the confusing preceptions of sense; in prosecuting pure mental contemplations, and looking to the essences of things, which requires a mind purified from all bodily contact whatsoever. The body is the enemy, the prison of the soul, and only philosophy can bring about the conquest and release. As regards the ordinary commonplace multitude, the soul in them is so encrusted and weighed down with bodily accompaniments as to be unfit for separate existence, and must at death pass into fresh bodies of men or animals chosen according to their disposition—a despot becoming a wolf, a glutton an ass. The men of good social virtues will fare slightly better: their souls passing into gentle and social animals, as bees, or perhaps into human forms.

Such is the statement of the creed; and we are not surprised that some of the hearers hesitate as to accepting it. The reasons are then given; and from them we merely select a point or two in connexion with our author's handling of the dialogue.

Socrates recites an imaginary history of his philosophical phases. As a youth, he was ardent in his desire for investigating nature, and he began with the method of assigning, in the explanation of phenomena, some of their physical antecedents; as that animals are nourished by the putrefaction of the Hot and the Cold; that we think either by the blood,

or by the air, or perhaps by the brain; that men grow in size by the addition of new matter from the food, and so on. This method broke down in his hands (he does not say why); and, when looking out for another, he chanced to hear of the doctrine of Anaxagoras, that *Nous* (Reason, Intelligence), or the volition of some intelligent mind, was the cause of all things. For a time this gave him much satisfaction; but, on getting the book of Anaxagoras, he found to his great disappointment that the author, in his detailed explanations, did not employ Reason at all, but gave air, æther, water, and other alien powers—absurdly termed causes, as they could not explain why he, a rational agent, did what he was now doing. It was merely another mode of physical antecedence; and such inquirers set no value on the idea that *things occupy the position best for them to occupy*; they seemed not to think that *the Good and the Becoming have a power of binding things together*. But these despised considerations were vital in his eyes; and he accordingly proceeded in his last stage to build up a theory in correspondence therewith; whence we have the famous doctrine of Substantial Ideas, or Eternal Forms, which make the world what we find it by communicating their nature to the particular things. The cause of the Beautiful in an object is its participation in the Eternal Idea, the Self-Beautiful; a thing Great is made from the Self-Great; two is a derivative of the Dyad, three of the Triad. Here, then, we have a third stage, or variety, of belief respecting causes, which commended itself to the mind of Plato, although accepted by no one else. Mr. Grote adds an interesting comment on these philosophical phases of faith. We indicate only the heads of his criticism. Almost every one talks of Cause as a thing clearly understood. Some have represented the Idea of Cause as simple, intuitive, self-originated, universal; one and the same in all minds. Such theorists consider the maxim—every phenomenon must have a cause—as self-evident, known *à priori* apart from experience; something that no one can help believing as

soon as stated. The gropings of Sokrates are opposed to this; or at least show that it can be admitted only in a partial or qualified way. There is no positive, fixed, universal Idea, corresponding to Cause. The same man differs from himself at different times; much more do different men. Plato complains of Anaxagoras as being in the wrong track; Aristotle is dissatisfied with Plato. If there be an intuition in the matter, it must be different in all these men. In reality, however, the word itself is equivocal, the things meant by it are not the same. The sameness is an *emotional* sameness; the intellectual acceptance is various. Whatever satisfies the inquirer for the time, *that* is to him the cause. As with Good, all men desire it, but all men are not satisfied with the same things. For a time the ideal Sokrates was satisfied with the crude suggestions of physical antecedence; then came the designing and volitional agency of the animated Kosmos; and this must give place to the fiction of Universal Ideas. The personal agency passes into a metaphysical one; and metaphysical agencies were what both Plato and Aristotle accepted. They did not even require regularity in the action of a cause, admitting a class irregular and unpredictable, as well as the regular and predictable. Lastly, we come to modern inductive science, under which has been elaborated unconditional regularity of sequence as the essential idea of a Cause; rejecting all metaphysical entities, and allowing only the assemblage of phenomenal antecedents duly verified. All which shows that Cause is a Proteus; it may be instinctive as regards each separate mind; but, as an universal instinct, it would be self-contradiction.

From the eternal Ideas, Forms, or Essences, Plato undertakes to prove the immortality of the soul. One Idea or Form will not admit, will peremptorily exclude, the opposite Form. Greatness will not receive the form of Little-ness. Fire, the form of Heat, will not receive Snow, which has the form or essence of Cold. Accordingly, when we ask what it is in the living body that gives life,

the answer must be the Soul. Soul is identical with life. Now death is contrary of life, and accordingly the Soul, which brings with it Life, will never receive the contrary of Life; in other words, it is deathless or immortal.

This is one of the most peculiarly Platonic of all the arguments in the dialogue. Some of the others—as the argument from the unity or indiscerptibility of the soul, and that from the dignity of the soul—have been continued into modern times.

We have next a mythical representation of the state of the dead, the highest honours, as before, being reserved for the philosophers. Sokrates makes the application to his own approaching end; and then follows the death ceremonial, whose pathetic details and dramatic arrangement lend imperishable interest to the dialogue.

Our author cannot help remarking on the opposite views given by Plato as to the position of our bodily frame. Here the situation and the argument are suited by a total renunciation of the body. But this would not have been in keeping with the character of Sokrates in those dialogues where he is presented in the fulness of life, exhibiting bodily strength and soldierly prowess, proclaiming gymnastic training for the body as co-equal with musical training for the mind, and impressed with the most intense admiration for the personal beauty of youth. The human body, here discredited as an incumbrance of the soul, is represented in the Phædrus as the only sensible object adequate to reflect the beauty of the ideal world; while the Platonic Timæus proclaims (in language befitting Locke) that sight, hearing, and speech are the sources of abstract Ideas, and the foundations of speculative intellect and philosophy.

As regards the impression made by the argumentative part of the Phædon:—

“Neither the doctrine nor the reasonings of Plato were adopted even by the immediate successors in his school: still less by Aristotle and the Peripatetics—or by the Stoics—or by the Epikureans. The Epikureans denied altogether the survivorship of soul over body: Aristotle gives a definition of the soul which

involves this same negation, though he admits as credible the separate existence of the rational soul, without individuality or personality. The Stoics, while affirming the soul to be material as well as the body, considered it as a detached fragment of the all-pervading cosmical or mundane soul, which was re-absorbed after the death of the individual into the great whole to which it belonged. None of these philosophers were persuaded by the arguments of Plato. The popular orthodoxy, which he often censures harshly, recognised some sort of posthumous existence as a part of its creed; and the uninquiring multitude continued in the teaching and traditions of their youth. But literary and philosophical men, who sought to form some opinion for themselves without altogether rejecting (as the Epikureans rejected) the basis of the current traditions—were in no better condition for deciding the question with the assistance of Plato, than they would have been without him. While the knowledge of the bodily organism, and of mind or soul as embodied therein, received important additions, from Aristotle down to Galen—no new facts either were known or could become known, respecting soul *per se*, considered as pre-existent or post-existent to body. Galen expressly records his dissatisfaction with Plato on this point, though generally among his warmest admirers. Questions of this kind remained always problematical, standing themes for rhetoric or dialectic. Every man could do, though not with the same exuberant eloquence, what Plato had done—and no man could do more. Every man could coin his own hopes and fears, his own æsthetic preferences and repugnances, his own ethical aspiration to distribute rewards and punishments among the characters around him—into affirmative prophecies respecting an unknowable future, where neither verification nor Elenchus were accessible."¹

The *PHÆDRUS* and *SYMPOSIUM* are the two erotic dialogues of Plato.

"Under the totally different vein of sentiment which prevails in modern times, and which recognises passionate love as prevailing only between persons of different sex—it is

difficult for us to enter into Plato's eloquent exposition of the feeling as he conceives it. In the Hellenic point of view, upon which Plato builds, the attachment of man to woman was regarded as a natural impulse, and as a domestic, social, sentiment; yet as belonging to a common-place rather than to an exalted mind, and seldom or never rising to that pitch of enthusiasm which overpowers all other emotions, absorbs the whole man, and aims either at the joint performance of great exploits or the joint prosecution of intellectual improvement by continued colloquy. We must remember that the wives and daughters of citizens were seldom seen abroad: that the wife was married very young; that she had learnt nothing except spinning and weaving: that the fact of her having seen as little and heard as little as possible, was considered as rendering her more acceptable to her husband: that her sphere of duty and exertion was confined to the interior of the family. The beauty of women yielded satisfaction to the senses, but little beyond. It was the masculine beauty of youth that fired the Hellenic imagination with glowing and impassioned sentiment. The finest youths, and those too of the best families and education, were seen habitually uncovered in the *Palæstra* and at the public festival-matches; engaged in active contention and graceful exercise, under the direction of professional trainers. The sight of the living form, in such perfection, movement, and variety, awakened a powerful emotional sympathy, blended with æsthetic sentiment, which in the more susceptible natures was exalted into intense and passionate devotion. The terms in which this feeling is described, both by Plato and Xenophon, are among the strongest which the language affords—and are predicated even of Sokrates himself. Far from being ashamed of the feeling, they consider it admirable and beneficial; though very liable to abuse, which they emphatically denounce and forbid. In their view, it was an idealising passion, which tended to raise a man above the vulgar and selfish pursuits of life, and even above the fear of death. The devoted attachments which it inspired were dreaded by the despots, who forbade the assemblage of youths for exercise in the *palæstra*."

To Plato the passion appeared in the light of a stimulus to philosophy and high contemplation. At first impetuous and undistinguishing, it became afterwards regulated towards improving communion with an improveable youth. Personal beauty (in the *Phædrus*) is the main point of visible resemblance between the world of sense and the world of Ideas; the Idea of Beauty has thus a brilliant concrete representative; while the Ideas of Justice and Temperance

¹ An able, careful, and scholarly edition of the *Phædon* has been lately published by Mr. W. D. Geddes, Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. In the Introduction, the dramatic scheme of the dialogue is critically set forth; the arguments are given in a clear summary, and compared with the modern arguments for the immortality of the soul. An ample running commentary accompanies the Text. Among the numerous appended Notes on the subjects of interest growing out of the dialogue, we would especially recommend the historical survey of the sentiment of death, and the views on suicide throughout the ancient world.

have none. The contemplation of a beautiful youth was the only way of reviving in the soul the Idea of Beauty seen in its previous state of existence. The philosopher must begin with this; and the emotion once excited gradually becomes expanded and purified. The lover at first charmed with the beloved person, enters into sympathy with his feelings, and promotes in him mental beauty and high aspirations. The admiration was then to take a wide sweep and embrace beauty generally, in arts and sciences, and in the arrangements of society. And the mind would be at last exalted to see Beauty in the abstract—the Idea or Form of the Beautiful. To reach this high summit, and be absorbed in the contemplation of “the great ocean of the beautiful,” was the rarest and most glorious privilege of a human being.

The picture of the beneficent and elevating influence of Eros Philosophus was much taken to heart by the Neo-Platonists. It is a striking manifestation of Plato—the transition of amorous impulse to religious and philosophical mysticism, the implication of poetical fancy with philosophic method, the surrender of the mind to metaphor and analogy, correct to a certain point, but stretched beyond all bounds. The worship of youthful masculine beauty, the belief in its efficacy to stimulate to instructive colloquy, the desire to exalt the spiritual and depress the sensual side of it, were common to Plato with Sokrates and Xenophon. But it is the peculiarity of Plato to treat the passion as the initial point to spring from in soaring into the region of abstractions where nothing lives but Beauty Absolute—the Self-Beautiful—the full sea of the beautiful.

It is always illustrative to compare Plato's changes of view, and the present dialogues furnish curious examples. In *Phædrus* (as in *Phædon*, *Timæus*, and others), the pre-existence of the soul, and its antecedent familiarity with the world of Ideas, are brought into the foreground. In the *Symposium* no such doctrine appears. The mind rises from

particulars to generals, but finds in itself the Form or Concept; the postulate is not pre-existence, but indwelling conceptions. In the *Phædrus* and *Phædon* the soul is declared immortal both in the past and in the future. In the *Symposium* the soul yearns for, but does not reach, immortality; the only perpetuity is in the memory of others. In *Phædrus*, *Phædon*, *Republic*, and elsewhere, Plato recognises many distinct Forms or Ideas, Beauty being only one. In the *Symposium* the Form of Beauty is presented singly and exclusively, as the sole occupation of the most exalted philosophy. And now lastly, the erotic couple themselves, *Phædrus* and *Symposium*, in this particular stand alone. If we look to the *Phædon*, *Theætetus*, *Sophistes*, or *Republic*, we shall not find Eros invoked as the stimulant to philosophy. The *Republic* describes an elaborate scheme for developing the philosophic power, but the excitement of the emotions bears no part in it. In *Theætetus*, the young man of that name is presented as in want of foreign aid to make his great capacity available; and there is provided the obstetric help of Sokrates in the shape of cross-examination, and instead of personal beauty, the ugliness of both the conversers is prominently signified.

We cannot make room for the briefest notice of the discussion on Rhetoric occupying the second part of *Phædrus*, with its many openings of thought, and the usual share of Platonic whims.

“Plato is usually extolled by his admirers, as the champion of the Absolute—of unchangeable forms, immutable truth, objective necessity cogent and binding on every one. He is praised for having refuted Protagoras; who can find no standard beyond the individual recognition and belief, of his own mind or that of some one else. There is no doubt that Plato often talks in that strain: but the method followed in his dialogues, and the general principle of method which he lays down, here as well as elsewhere, point to a directly opposite conclusion. Of this the *Phædrus* is a signal instance. Instead of the extreme of generality, it preclaims the extreme of speciality. The objection which the Sokrates of the *Phædrus* advances against the didactic efficacy of written discourse, is founded on the fact, that it is the same to all

readers—that it takes no cognizance of the differences of individual minds nor of the same mind at different times. Sokrates claims for dialectic debate the valuable privilege, that it is constant action and re-action between two individual minds—an appeal by the inherent force and actual condition of each, to the like elements in the other—an ever shifting presentation of the same topics, accommodated to the measure of intelligence and cast of emotion in the talkers and at the moment. The individuality of each mind—both questioner and respondent—is here kept in view as the governing condition of the process. No two minds can be approached by the same road or by the same interrogation. The questioner cannot advance a step except by the admission of the respondent. Every respondent is the measure to himself. He answers suitably to his own belief; he defends by his own suggestions; he yields to the pressure of contradiction and inconsistency, *when he feels them*, and not before. Each dialogist is (to use the Protagorean phrase) the measure to himself of truth and falsehood, according as he himself believes it. Assent or dissent, whichever it may be, springs only from the free working of the individual mind, in its actual condition then and there. It is to the individual mind alone that appeal is made, and this is what Protagoras asks for.”

THE SOPHISTES is not calculated for general reading, but it is one where Mr. Grote's powers of evoking interest appear to advantage. The dialogue (in common with POLITIKUS) is an exercise in Logical Definition and Division, as these processes were understood by Plato. The examples chosen are partly trivial and partly important—the place of the Angler in classification and the place of the Sophist. There is a highly metaphysical or ontological discussion respecting truth and falsehood, *ens* and *non ens*. Our author, every inch a historian, loves to descry the dawning, and to follow the onward movement, of scientific methods and scientific ideas; and more than once succeeds in animating the driest materials. He has here a good opportunity for vindicating his well-known views as to the Sophists; and also reads a homily, worthy of Bacon, on the intrusion of the emotional element in scientific inquiries.

POLITIKUS is Logic applied to Politics or Government, and contains a dissertation on scientific art as opposed to rule of thumb practice. By means of Logical Division, Plato singles out the true

Politikus, political man, or governor (he will not allow the supreme rule to be in a plurality), who must be able to exercise a scientific guidance over all the chiefs of departments. He it is that understands the crowning art, that is, to determine on what occasions to put forth all the other arts,—when to go to war, and when to act the Judge, the Rhetor, and so on. There is also a renewal of the complaint and protest against the stifling of free thought in all communities. As we are reserving space for the Republic, we will not enter farther into this dialogue.

As regards its ostensible purpose, the tracing of the growth of names, the KRATYLUS has little to detain the modern philologist. Nevertheless, in the hands of Mr. Grote, it illustrates several leading Platonic characteristics. It pushes the theory of Ideas, or Forms, to the extreme of including Name-Forms, as well as Thing-Forms; and postulates a true Artistic Name-giver, who is to discover a suitable Name-Form for every essence. Plato will not allow languages any more than societies, or the Kosmos, to *grow*; they must be *made* by a skilled constructor. It is our author's practice to bring Plato face to face with the best modern views on every subject, and he here refers us to the doctrines of Renan, Hensleigh Wedgwood, and others, as to the origin of language. As we might expect, he strenuously resists the thesis of the recent German commentators, that Plato's ridiculous specimens of etymology are intended to caricature the Sophists.

THE PHILEBUS is a dialogue of Exposition, accompanied with Search:—

“The question is, Wherein consists The Good—The Supreme Good—Summun Bonum. Three persons stand before us: the youthful Philebus: Protarchus, somewhat older, yet still a young man: and Sokrates. Philebus declares that The Good consists in pleasure or enjoyment; and Protarchus his friend advocates the same thesis, though in a less peremptory manner. On the contrary, Sokrates begins by proclaiming that it consists in wisdom or intelligence. He presently however recedes from this doctrine, so far as to admit that wisdom, alone and *per se*, is not sufficient to constitute the Supreme Good; and that a

certain combination of pleasure along with it is required. Though the compound total thus formed is superior both to wisdom and to pleasure taken separately, yet comparing the two elements of which it is compounded, wisdom (Sokrates contends) is the most important of the two, and pleasure the least important. Neither wisdom nor pleasure can pretend to claim the first prize; but wisdom is fully entitled to the second, as being far more cognate than pleasure is, with the nature of Good."

Under the guise of determining a practical question, we have theories of pleasure and pain, the varieties of knowledge or cognition, logical classification exemplified, man compared to the Kosmos, &c. In first putting the question as to pleasure's being the sole good, Sokrates asks Protarchus—"Would *you* be satisfied to pass your life in enjoyment and nothing else?" Protarchus assents. "But recollect," says Sokrates, "that you are to be without thought, intelligence, reason, sight, and memory; you are to live *the life of an oyster*, with great present pleasures." Protarchus is silenced rather than convinced. Sokrates then asks whether he will accept a life of full and all-comprehensive intelligence without either pleasure or pain, which Protarchus also declines. Mr. Grote, however, remarks justly that more than one Grecian philosopher, looking at the miseries of life, would have accepted as a *summum bonum* the absence of pain, without any guarantee for the presence of pleasure, while with the addition of so large a measure of intelligence they would have considered themselves fortunate.

The mixed view of the Good being thus granted, it is the object of Sokrates to show that the element of intelligence is the more important of the two. Preparatory to this we have a logical discussion respecting the One and the Many, which is Platonic for the General and the Individual—man in the general, as against the individual man. Our author's criticisms are especially called for in these logical windings. He sees in them the earliest struggles to comprehend the principle of Classification, and lets us know how far Plato had got, and where he broke down. The general-

izing process was, in the Sokratic age, for the first time a subject of study, and it affected Plato with a kind of intoxication. His Ideas or Forms are the grand generalities of things, elevated to the rank of uncreated essences. The upshot of the digression hardly corresponds to the labour. It appears that Pleasure is Indefinite or Indeterminate, and Intelligence the principle of Regulation or Measure; a fine way of saying that the feelings are to be regulated by the reason.

Then follows an interesting analysis of Pleasures and Pains, distinguishing pleasures that are the reaction of former pain (warming ourselves, for example) from such as do not depend on that reaction; these last are the pure pleasures, and the only sort that Plato here admits. The distinction is real, but the cases are mistaken. We may grant that the pleasures of the eye, and of the ear, are pure; but, when he assigns scientific studies as an example of the class, most people will demur; for, even setting aside the labour, the highest charms of knowledge are a reaction from the pains of ignorance. But worse than this is the doctrine that some pleasures are *true* and others *false*, introducing intellectual attributes into emotional states; a kind of jumble characteristic of Plato and of early philosophizing. Unless the present writer is greatly mistaken, the Freedom of the Will is a parallel case of incongruous conjunction; there is no similarity between Freedom and Will, as there is between Freedom and Government, the Press, Trade, and other political institutions.

After the analysis of Pleasure, comes the analysis of Intelligence and its modes, also highly Platonic. An acute and well-founded remark, on the superiority of all arts based on exact measurement, is followed out into a mystical identification of Measure and Proportion with the Beautiful and the Good; and so settles, by assuming, the point in dispute.

We should have been glad to quote our author's interesting comments upon the asceticism of the Philebus, as con-

trusted with the free scope given to pleasure in *Phædrus* and *Symposium*. But we have said enough to whet curiosity in this remarkable, although obscure and difficult, composition. Two other scholars have recently devoted themselves to its elucidation—Dr. Badham and Mr. Edward Poste.

The author's handling is nowhere seen to greater advantage than in the *REPUBLIC* :—

"The professed subject is—What is Justice? Is the just man happy in or by reason of his justice, whatever consequences may befall him? Is the unjust man unhappy by reason of his injustice? But the ground actually travelled over by Sokrates, from whose mouth the exposition proceeds, is far more extensive than could have been anticipated from this announced problem. An immense variety of topics, belonging to man and society, is adverted to more or less fully. A theory of psychology or phrenology generally, is laid down and advocated: likewise a theory of the Intellect, distributed into its two branches: 1. Science, with the Platonic Forms or Ideas as Realities corresponding to it; 2. Opinion, with the fluctuating semi-realities or pseudo-realities, which form its object. A sovereign rule, exercised by philosophy, is asserted as indispensable to human happiness. The fundamental conditions of a good society, as Plato conceived it, are set forth at considerable length, and contrasted with the social corruptions of various existing forms of government. The outline of a perfect education, intellectual and emotional, is drawn up and prescribed for the ruling class: with many accompanying remarks on the objectionable tendencies of the popular and consecrated poems. The post-existence, as well as the pre-existence, of the soul, is affirmed in the concluding books. As the result of the whole, Plato emphatically proclaims his conviction, that the just man is happy in and through his justice, quite apart from all consideration of consequences—yet that the consequences also will be such as to add to his happiness, both during life as well as after death: and the unjust man unhappy in and through his injustice."

We must pass at once to Mr. Grote's chapter wherein he comments on the main thesis of the *Republic*;—a chapter not surpassed, in our judgment, in the whole literature of Ethical Philosophy, for a clear, searching, and thorough exposition of the great question at issue.

The larger portion of the dialogue is engaged in expounding the rise of a commonwealth generally; whence the author passes to the delineation of his

Model Commonwealth—enumerating the conditions of aptitude for its governors and guardian-soldiers, estimating the obstacles in its way, and pointing out the steps of its too-probable degeneracy. Nevertheless, the avowed object of the treatise is to solve the questions,—What is Justice? What is Injustice?—and, with reference thereto, to maintain that the just man is happy in virtue of his justice, apart from all consequences, and even though he is not known to be just, and is treated as unjust by gods and men. That vague notice elsewhere appearing, that Justice is the soul's health, here receives a detailed elaboration.

The Republic or Commonwealth of Plato is the individual man "writ large;" the parts of the one and the parts of the other are treated as alike. The triple division of the human mind into—(1) REASON or Intelligence, (2) ENERGY, Courage, Spirit, or the Military Virtue; and (3) Many-headed APPETITE—all in mutual counter-play, is transferred to the State, each of the three parts being represented by one of the political orders or divisions of the community. The happiness of the man and the happiness of the commonwealth are attained in the same way, namely, by realizing the four virtues—Wisdom, Courage, Temperance, Justice; with this condition, that Wisdom, or Reason, is sought only in the Ruling caste, the Elders; Courage, or Energy, only in the second caste, the Soldiers or Guardians; while Temperance and Justice (meaning almost the same thing) must inhere alike in all the three classes, and be the only thing expected in the third, the Working Multitude.

The opponents of Sokrates in the dialogue advance the position that Justice is a good thing, not in itself, since just acts are often painful to perform, but because of its consequences in procuring reciprocal good treatment from others; this, they say, is what fathers inculcate on their children, and poets and teachers on everybody. Sokrates, on the other hand, as Plato's spokesman, declares justice to be good, or a cause of

happiness to the just agent, *most of all in itself*, but also, additionally, in its consequences. Plato stands forth as impugning a received opinion of mankind, countenanced by Sokrates himself, in the Platonic Apology, and in the Memorabilia of Xenophon. Mr. Grote maintains that the common opinion is nearest the truth.

Let it be noted, in behalf of Plato, that he desires to stand forward as the champion of justice. But to commend it for its consequences is to him a low view. Its dignity demands nothing short of the allegation that, whatever the consequence from gods or men, the just man is inherently happy in his justice; to such lengths does he carry his enthusiastic eulogy—"neither the eastern star nor the western star is so admirable." We may consider Plato as the first proclaimer of the doctrine, afterwards insisted on by the Stoics, and repeated in modern ethics, that virtue is all-sufficient to the happiness of the virtuous agent, whatever may be his fate in other respects. Every one would be glad if the theory were true. Those that maintain it now consider that they are in the opposite extreme from a Selfish Theory of Morals; but Plato's theory is essentially self-regarding; his nowhere recognising disinterestedness of conduct is a serious defect in his ethical views.

Plato supplies against himself the argument that, if the theory were true, and could only be *impressed on every one from their childhood*, no other checks against injustice would be necessary. In these words we have a characteristic Platonic trait. There are certain doctrines, this about justice for one, and the goodwill of the gods for another, that, whether true or not, he would inculcate for the sake of their beneficial influence on society. "If the fable of Kadmus and the dragon's teeth, with a great many other stories equally improbable, can be made matters of established faith, surely a doctrine so plausible as mine, about justice and injustice, can be easily taught and accredited."

There is a well-managed stroke of special pleading in the reply of Sokrates to the common theory, that justice, in itself troublesome, is necessary to ensure reciprocal good offices. He says, that what this theory suggests to a man is, not to be just, but to *appear* so, at the least cost to himself; inasmuch as the good of justice follows on the reputation of it; and the evils of injustice are solely owing to being believed unjust. Although not unanswerable, the argument is a telling one:—

"Now upon this we may observe, That Plato, from anxiety to escape corollaries which are only partially true, and which, in so far as they are true, may be obviated by precautions—has endeavoured to accredit a fiction misrepresenting the constant phenomena and standing conditions of social life. Among those conditions, reciprocity of services is one of the most fundamental. The difference of feeling which attaches to the services which a man renders, called duties or obligations—and the services which he receives from others, called his rights—is alike obvious and undeniable. Each individual has both duties and rights: each is both an agent towards others, and a patient or sentient from others. He is required to be just towards others, they are required to be just towards him: he in his actions must have regard, within certain limits, to their comfort and security, they in their actions must have regard to his. If he has obligations towards them, he has also rights against them; or (which is the same thing) they have obligations towards him. If punishment is requisite to deter him from doing wrong to them, it is equally requisite to deter them from doing wrong to him. Whoever theorises upon society, contemplating it as a connected scheme or system including different individual agents, must accept this reciprocity as a fundamental condition. The rights and obligations, of each towards the rest, must form inseparable and correlative parts of the theory. Each agent must be dealt with by others according to his works, and must be able to reckon beforehand on being so dealt with:—on escaping injury or hurt, and receiving justice, from others, if he behaves justly towards them. The theory supposes, that whether just or unjust, he will appear to others what he really is, and will be appreciated accordingly.

"The fathers of families, whose doctrine Plato censures, adopted this doctrine of reciprocity, and built upon it their exhortations to their children. 'Be just to others: without that condition, you cannot expect that they will be just to you.' Plato objects to their doctrine, on the ground, that it assumed justice to be onerous to the agent, and there-

fore indirectly encouraged the evading of the onerous preliminary condition, for the purpose of extorting or stealing the valuable consequent without earning it fairly. Persons acting thus unjustly would efface reciprocity by taking away the antecedent. Now Plato, in correcting them, sets up a counter-doctrine which effaces reciprocity by removing the consequent. His counter-doctrine promises me that if I am just towards others, I shall be happy in and through that single circumstance; and that I ought not to care whether they behave justly or unjustly towards me. Reciprocity thus disappears. The authoritative terms *right* and *obligation* lose all their specific meaning."

In the conclusion of this interesting chapter, Mr. Grote remarks that Plato, throughout the Republic, mixes up the preacher with the social analyst. When he is exhorting youth to justice, he depicts the just man in glowing colours, regardless of fact, and thinks that the "pious fraud" is excused, and even ennobled, by the end. But as the cool analyst, and as paving the way for his own reconstructive scheme, he sets forth the condition of existing societies as anything but favourable to his just man. The dissenter for the better, and the dissenter for the worse, are equally obnoxious to King Nomos.

In dealing with the Platonic communism of the sexes, which is always set aside as unnatural, impossible, &c. Mr. Grote, as usual, forms an independent and dispassionate opinion. The impossibility of establishing either the Platonic commonwealth, or the Aristotelian, is in his eyes grounded on the same fact; namely, that all the various communities of mankind exist under established customs, beliefs, and sentiments, in complete discordance with them; while we have no knowledge of any influence sufficient to overcome the opposition thence arising. He will not admit that the power capable of establishing the Spartan System, or any other system—the Monogamy of the West, or the Polygamy of the East—could not have established the Platonic scheme; and such a scheme, once prevailing, would have been an effectual conservative barrier against any Plato or Aristotle who should have dreamt of introducing European Monogamy or Asiatic Poly-

gamy. It is in regard to the sexual code that we have the most startling illustrations of the variety of men's views of right and wrong in different ages and nations. All agree in the possession of a moral sentiment, as in possessing any other human sentiment—love, hope, desire—but, in the matter of it, the things commanded and forbidden, there are discrepancies amounting to contradiction.

"Practices now abhorred as wrong are here directly commanded by Plato and Aristotle, the two greatest authorities of the Hellenic world: men differing on many points from each other, but agreeing in this: men not only of lofty personal character, but also of first-rate intellectual force, in whom the ideas of virtue and vice had been as much developed by reflection as they ever have been in any mind: lastly, men who are extolled by the commentators as the champions of religion and sound morality, against what are styled the unprincipled cavils of the Sophists."

Our author describes the Malthusianism of the ancient world, as put in a definite shape by Plato and Aristotle, in terms implying commendation of the object, although not necessarily of the means proposed.

THE REPUBLIC is not confined to Ethical and Political views, but enters largely into the Intellectual Philosophy of Plato. The *TIMEUS* contains the Platonic theories of Cosmogony, Physics, Physiology, Practice of Physic, Mind, &c. all which our author has taken great pains to elucidate. Lastly, we have the long treatise, called the Laws, where Plato appears again as a constructor of Society, on a less ambitious plan than in the Republic, for which mankind was not sufficiently exalted. This is the work of his old age, and repeats his principal ethical and political doctrines, which, however, are largely mixed up with a dogmatic theology of his own invention, to be enforced by civil pains and penalties.

The extraordinary revolution that came over the mind of Plato with advancing years, in regard to intellectual freedom, is commented on by Mr. Grote with sorrow and indignation. After reciting the penalties against heterodoxy—five years' solitary confinement in

chains in the House of Correction for the first offence, death for the second—he exclaims, “Such is the new Act of Uniformity”:—

“We seem to be under a legislation” imbued with the persecuting spirit and self-satisfied infallibility of mediæval Catholicism and the Inquisition. The dissenter is a criminal, and among the worst of criminals, even if he do nothing more than proclaim his opinions. How striking is the contradiction between this spirit and that in which Plato depicts the Sokrates of the Phædon, the Apology, and the Gorgias! How fully does Sokrates in the Phædon recognize and respect the individual reason of his two friends, though dissenting from his own! How emphatically does he proclaim, in the Apology and Gorgias, not merely his own individual dissent from his fellow-citizens, but also his resolution to avow and maintain it against one and all, until he should hear such reasons as convinced him that it was untrue! How earnestly does he declare (in the Apology) that he has received from the Delphian God a mission to cross-examine the people of Athens, and that he will obey the God in preference to them: thus claiming to himself that special religious privilege which his accuser Meletus imputes to him as a crime, and which Plato, in his Magnetic colony, also treats as a crime, interdicting it under the severest penalties!”

In a chapter on the other companions of Sokrates, Mr. Grote surveys the Ethical doctrines of the Cynic and Cyrenaic schools, which, with slight modifications, passed into the Stoic and Epicurean; and takes occasion to state

his own opinion on this standing controversy, which is on the Epicurean side. He devotes a separate chapter to Xenophon.

The character of Plato may now, we think, be seen in its true proportions, as well as in its vast dimensions. Poetry was wedded to Science; hence transports more than human, but also disorders and marred individuality on both sides.

With a very few words, we shall leave our readers to their own meditations as to the value of the work now brought under notice. A historian of philosophy, according as he masters, or is mastered by, the questions in debate, is the very best, or the very worst, teacher of the subject-matter of philosophy. Mr. Grote need not fear the application.

To some, so strong a manifestation of sympathy with the unfettered judgment of the individual, will rank as a greater merit than either the extent of the erudition or the philosophical grasp. In this respect, the author's consistent life is a worthy contrast to the inverted career of his subject. In youth, the liberal reformer and the ballot-moving politician; in middle age, the historian of the “*free life* of collective Hellas;” he now appears with unabated vigour as the champion of liberty in the domain of intellect or thought.

ON THE RHINE.

On the little plank-pier of the village,
The village on banks of Rhine,
With peasants brown from the tillage
See a travelling youth recline.

The rock with its castle facing,
Vine-hills in a sunny air,
The silver current chasing
With image reversed and rare.

But the youth loses eyes of dreaming
In the heat-haze luminous,
Afar where the flood looks streaming
From skies mysterious.

Till a cloud or a smoke faint staining,
A phantom emerges dim;
Though his eye grow tired with straining,
His heart rings a happy chime

With the wash of the mighty water
As it forks at the pier piles,
And the peasant's careless laughter,
And the myriad river smiles.

He can see the deck of the steamer,
The froth of her rushing wheel;
Now sidling smotherer and tamer,
Fling the uncoiling reel!

And a maiden has waved him greeting
As he hurries across the plank,
While thirsty eyes in the meeting
Draughts for a century drank.

To the vineyards turn their glances
And storied castle shells,
To the creaming foam as it dances
In the crush of the paddle swells.

But their faces touch more nearly
Than anything compels,
If two young travellers merely
Study the Drachenfels.

At the last I saw them standing
With wringing hands locked long ;
But the careless crowd at the landing
To separate was strong.

To bear through the years asunder
With a change of cares and strife,
Till they only vaguely wonder
Where each has roved in life.

And if either came to the river
In a far-off after year,
And saw the sunlight quiver
On water about the pier,

It would seem to them two strangers
Had met as lovers here,
While they, mere careless rangers,
Had travelled with him and her.

For the hour has been crowned and
banished

When the youth stood there intent,
And the globes of the stream have vanished
Whereon his gaze was bent.

So vanished are thought and feeling
Which glimmered in boy and maid :
To the old loved places stealing
We find the Past is dead !

Our friends may be laughing or weeping
Much as they used of old,
Nor yet our little ones leaping
Over our loveless mould.

And one may indeed resemble
The man who was yours before,
And your wistful spirit a-tremble
May feel for the friend of yore.

Learn such a longing to smother !
Yesterday's friends are gone ;
The man were not more another
Slept he under the stone.

Still stands the pier of the village,
But never from there again
That youth with men from the tillage
Eyes to the haze shall strain.

RODEN NOEL.

CRADOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT evening Dr. Hutton started, on his long swift mare, for the hall at Nowelhurst, where he had promised to be. He kissed his Rosa many times, and begged her pardon half as often, for all the crimes that day committed. Her brother Ralph, from Fordingbridge, who always slept there at short notice, because the house was lonely, would be sure to come (they knew) when the little boy Bob was sent for him. Ralph Mohorn—poor Rosa rejoiced in her rather
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uncommon patronymic, though perhaps it means Cow-horn—Ralph Mohorn was only too glad to come and sleep at Geopharmacy Lodge. He was a fine, fresh-hearted fellow, only about nineteen years old ; his father held him hard at home, and of course he launched out all the more abroad. So he kicked up, as he expressed it, "the devil's own dust" when he got to the Lodge, ordered everything in the house for supper, with a bottle of whiskey afterwards—which he never touched, only he liked the name of the thing—and then a cardinal, or the

biggest meerschaum to be found in any of the cupboards. His pipe, however, was not, like his grog, a phantom of the imagination; for he really smoked it, and sat on three chairs, while he "baited" Rosa, as he called it, with all the boogies in Christendom. It was so delicious now to be able to throw her into a tremble, and turn her cheeks every colour, and then recollect that a few years since she had smacked his own cheeks *ad libitum*. However, we have little to do with him, and now he is a jolly farmer.

Rufus Hutton rode through Ringwood over the low bridge where the rushes rustle everlastingly, and the trout and dace for ever wag their pellucid tails up stream. How all that water, spreading loosely, wading over miles of meadows, growing leagues of reed and rush, mistress of a world in winter, how it all is content to creep through a pair of little bridges,—matter of such mystery, let the Christ-church salmon solve it. Dr. Hutton went gaily over—at least his mare went gaily—but he was thinking (beyond his wont) of the business he had in hand. He admired the pleasant old town as he passed, and the still more pleasant waters; but his mare, the favourite Polly, went on at her usual swing, until they came to the long steep hill towards the Picked Post. As he walked her up the sharp parts of the rise, he began to ponder the mysterious visit of those convivial strangers. It was very plain that neither of them knew or cared the turn of a trowel about the frank art of gardening; that of course was only a sham; then what did they really come for? Rufus, although from childhood upwards he had been hospitable to his own soul, that is to say, regarded himself with genial approbation, was not by any means blindly conceited, and could not suppose that his fame, for anything except gardening, had spread through the regions round about. So he felt that his visitors had come, not for his sake, but their own. And it was not long before he suspected that they wished to obtain through him some insight, perhaps even some influence, into and in the course of events now

toward at Nowelhurst Hall. They had altogether avoided the subject; which made him the more suspicious, for at present it was of course the leading topic of the county.

However, as they were related to the family, while he, Rufus Hutton, was not, it was not his place to speak of the matter, but to let his guests do as they liked about it. They had made him promise, moreover, to dine with the Kettledrums on the very earliest day he could fix, viz.—the following Wednesday, and there he was to meet Mr. and Mrs. Corklemore. Was it possible that they intended, and perhaps had been instructed, to subject the guest on that occasion to more skilful manipulation than that of their rude male fingers?

"I'll take Rosa with me," said Rufus to himself; "a woman sees a woman's game best; though Rosa, thank heaven, is not very Machiavellian. How very odd, that neither of those men had the decency to carry a bit of crape, out of respect for that poor boy; and I, who am no way connected with him, have been induced by my Roe with a hat-band!"

Shrewd as our friend Rufus was, he could not be charged with low cunning, and never guessed that those two men had donned the show of mourning, and made the most of it round their neighbourhood to impress people with their kinship to the great Nowells of Nowelhurst, but that their guardian-angels had disarrayed them ere they started, having no desire to set Rufus thinking about their chance of succession. As the sharp little doctor began to revolve all he had heard about Corklemore, his mare came to the Burley-road where they must leave the turnpike. Good Polly struck into it, best foot foremost, and, as she never would bear the curb well, her rider had quite enough to do, in the gathering darkness, and on that cross-country track, to attend to their common safety.

She broke from the long stride of her trot into a reaching canter, as the moon grew bright between the trees, and the

lane was barred with shadow. Pricking nervously her ears at every flaw or rustle, bending her neck to show her beauty, where the light fell clear on the moor-top, then with a snort of challenge plunging into the black of the hollows, yet ready to jump the road and away, if her challenge should be answered; bounding across the water-gulley and looking askance at a fern-shadow; then saying to herself, "It is only the moon, child," and up the ascent half ashamed of herself; then shaking her bridle with reassurance to think of that mile of great danger flown by, and the mash and the warm stable nearer, and the pleasure of telling that great roan horse how brave she had been in the moonlight—

"Goodness me! What's that!"

She leaped over road and roadside bank, and into a heavy gorse-bush, and stood there quivering from muzzle to tail in the intensity of terror. If Rufus had not just foreseen her alarm, and gripped her with all his power, he must have lain senseless upon the road, spite of all his rough-riding in India.

"Who-hoa, who-hoa, then, Polly, you little fool, you are killing me! Can't you see it's only a lady?"

Polly still backed into the bush, and her unlucky rider, with every prickle running into him, could see the whites of her eyes in the moonshine, as the great orbs stood out with horror. Opposite to them, and leaning against a stile which led to a foot-path, there stood a maiden dressed in black, with the moonlight sheer upon her face. She took no notice of anything; she had heard no sort of foot-fall; she did not know of Polly's capers, or the danger she was causing. Her face, with the hunter's moon upon it, would have been glorious beauty, but for the broad rims under the eyes, and the spectral paleness. One moment longer she stared at the moon, as if questing for some one gone thither, then turned away with a heavy sigh, and went towards the Coffin Wood.

All this time Rufus Hutton was utterly blind to romance, being scarified

in the calf and thighs beyond any human endurance. Polly backed further and further away from the awful vision before her—the wife of the horse-fiend at least—and every fresh swerve sent a new lot of furze-pricks into the peppery legs of Rufus.

"Hang it!" he cried, "here goes; no man with a ha'porth of flesh in him could stand it any longer. Thorn for thorn, Miss Polly." He dashed his spurs deep into her flanks, the spurs he had only worn for show, and never dared to touch her with. For a moment she trembled, and reared upright in wrath worse than any horror; then away she went like a storm of wind, headlong through trees and bushes. It was all pure luck or Providence that Rufus was not killed. He grasped her neck, and lay flat upon it; he clung with his supple legs around her; he called her his Polly, his darling Polly, and begged her to consider herself. She considered neither herself nor him, but dashed through the wild wood, wilder herself, not knowing light from darkness. Any low beech branch, any scrag holly, even a trail of loose ivy, and man and horse were done for. The lights of more than a million stars flashed before Rufus Hutton, and he made up his mind to die, and wondered how Rosa would take it. Perhaps she would marry again, and rear up another family who knew not the name of Hutton; perhaps she would cry her eyes out. Smack, a young branch took him in the face, though he had one hand before it. "Go it again!" he cried, with the pluck of a man despairing, and then he rolled over and over, and dug for himself a rabbit-hole of sand, and dead leaves, and moss. There he lay on his back, and prayed, and luckily let go the bridle.

The mare had fallen, and grovelled in the rotten ground where the rabbits lived; then she got up and shook herself, and the stirrups struck fire beneath her, and she spread out all her legs, and neighed for some horse to come and help her. She could not go any farther; she had vented her soul, and must come to herself, like a lady after hysterics.

Presently she sniffed round a bit, and the grass smelled crisp and dewy, and, after the hot corn and musty hay, it was fresher than ice upon brandy. So she looked through the trees, and saw only a squirrel, which did not frighten her at all, because she was used to rats. Then she brought her fore-legs well under her stomach, and stretched her long neck downwards, and skimmed the wet blades with her upper lip, and found them perfectly wholesome. Every horse knows what she did then and there, to a great extent, till she had spoiled her relish for supper.

After that, she felt grateful and good, and it repented her of the evil, and she whinnied about for the master who had outraged her feelings so deeply. She found him still insensible, on his back, beneath a beech-tree, with six or seven rabbits, and even a hare, come to see what the matter was. Then Polly, who had got the bit out of her mouth, gave him first a poke with it, and then nuzzled him under the coat-collar, and blew into his whiskers as she did at the chaff in her manger. She was beginning to grieve and get very uneasy, taking care not to step on him, and went round him ever so many times, and whinnied into his ear, when either that, or the dollop of grass half-chewed which lay on his countenance, revived the great spirit of Rufus Hutton, and he opened his eyes and looked languidly. He saw two immense black eyes full upon him, tenderly touched by the moonlight, and he felt a wet thing like a sponge poking away at his nostrils.

"Polly," he said, "oh, Polly dear, how could you serve me so? What will your poor mistress say?"

Polly could neither recriminate nor defend herself; so she only looked at him beseechingly, and what she meant was, "Oh, do get up."

So Rufus arose, and dusted himself, and kissed Polly for forgiveness and she, if she had only learned how, would have stooped like a camel before him. He mounted, with two or three groans for his back, and left the mare to her own devices to find the road again. It

was very pretty to see in the moonlight how carefully she went with him, not even leaping the small water-courses, but feeling her footing through them. And so they got into the forest-track, some half mile from where they had left it; they saw the gleam of Bull Garnet's windows, and knew the straight road to the hall.

Sir Cradock Nowell did not appear. Of course that was not expected; but kind John Rosedew came up from the parsonage to keep Rufus Hutton company. So the two had all the great dinner-table to themselves entirely; John, as the old friend, sat at the head, and the doctor sat by his right hand. Although there were few men in the world with the depth of mind, and variety, the dainty turns of thought, the lacework infinitely rich of original mind and old reading, which made John Rosedew's company a forest for to wander in and be amazed with pleasure; Rufus Hutton, sore and stiff, and aching in the back, thought he had rarely come across so very dry a parson.

John was not inclined to talk: he was thinking of his Cradock, and he had a care of still sharper tooth—what had happened to his Amy? He had come up much against his wishes, only as a duty, on that dreary Saturday night, just that Mr. Hutton, who had been so very kind, might not think himself neglected. John had dined four hours ago, but that made no difference to him, for he seldom knew when he *had* dined, and when he was expected to do it. Nevertheless he was human, for he loved his bit of supper.

Mr. Rosedew had laboured hard, but vainly, to persuade Sir Cradock Nowell to send some or any message to his luckless son. "No," he replied, "he did not wish to see him any more, or at any rate not at present; it would be too painful to him. Of course he was sorry for him, and only hoped he was half as sorry for himself." John Rosedew did not dream as yet of the black idea working even now in the lonely father's mind, gaining the more on his better heart because he kept it secret. The

old man was impatient now even of the old friend's company; he wanted to sit alone all day weaving and unravelling some dark skein of evidence, and as yet he was not so possessed of the devil as to cease to feel ashamed of him. "Coarse language!" cries some votary of our self-conscious euphemism. But show me any plainer work of the father of unbelief than want of faith in our fellow-creatures, when we have proved and approved them; want of faith in our own flesh and blood, with no cause for it but the imputed temptation. It shall go hard with poor old Sir Craddock, and none shall gainsay his right to it.

Silence was a state of the air at once uncongenial to Dr. Hutton's system and repugnant to all his finest theories of digestion. For lo, how all nature around us protests against the Trappists, and the order of St. Benedict! See how the cattle get together when they have dined in the afternoon, and had their drink out of the river. Don't they flip their tails, and snuffle, and grunt at their own fine sentiments, and all the while they are chewing the cud take stock of one another? Don't they discuss the asilus and oestrum, the last news of the rinderpest, and the fly called by some the cow-dab, and don't they abuse the festuca tribe, and the dyspepsia of the sorrel? Is the thrush mute when he has bolted his worm, or the robin over his spider's eggs?

So Rufus looked through his glass of port, which he took merely as a corrective to the sherry of the morning, cocked one eye first, and then the other, and loosed the golden bands of speech.

"Uncommonly pretty girls, Mr. Rose-dew, all about this neighbourhood."

"Very likely, Dr. Hutton; I see many pleasant faces; but I am no judge of beauty." He leaned back with an absent air, just as if he knew nothing about it. And all the while he was saying to himself, "Pretty girls, indeed! Is there one of them like my Amy?"

"A beautiful girl I saw to-night. But I don't wish to see much more beauty in that way. Nearly cost me my life, I know. You are up in the

classics so: what is it we used to read at school?—Helene, Helenaus, Helip—something—tētrima belli causa fuit. Upon my word I haven't talked so much Latin and Greek—have another glass of port, just for company; the dry vintage of '34 can't hurt anybody." John Rose-dew took another glass, for his spirits were low, and the wine was good, and the parson felt then that he ought to have more confidence in God. Then he brought his mind to bear on the matter, and listened very attentively while the doctor described, with a rush of warm language and plenteous exaggeration, the fright of his mare at that mournful vision, the vision itself, and the consequences.

"Sir, you must have ridden like a Centaur, or like Alexander. What will Mrs. Hutton say? But are you sure that she leaped an oak-tree?"

"Perfectly certain," said Rufus gravely, "clean through the fork of the branches, and the acorns rattled upon my hat, like the hail of the Himalaya."

"Remarkable! Most remarkable!"

"But you have not told me yet," continued Dr. Hutton, "although I am sure that you know, who the beautiful young lady is."

"From your description, and the place, though I have not heard that they are in mourning, I think it must have been Miss Garnet."

"Miss Garnet! What Miss Garnet? Not Bull Garnet's daughter? I never heard that he had one."

"Yes, he has, and a very nice girl. My Amy knows a little of her. But he does not allow her to visit much, and is most repressive to her. Unwise in my opinion; not the way to treat a daughter; one should have confidence in her, as I have in my dear child."

"Oh, you have confidence in Miss Amy; and she goes out whenever she likes, I suppose?"

"Of course she does," said the simple John, wondering at the question; "that is, of course, whenever it is right for her."

"Of which, I suppose, she herself is the judge."

"Why, no, not altogether. Her aunt has a voice in the matter always, and a very potent one."

"And, of course, Miss Amy, managed upon such enlightened principles, never attempts to deceive you?"

"Amy! my Amy deceive me!" The rector turned pale at the very idea. "But these questions are surely unusual from a gentleman whom I have known for so very short a time. I am entitled, in turn, to ask your reason for putting them." Mr. Rosedew, never suspecting indignities, could look very dignified.

"I'm in for it now," thought Rufus Hutton; "what a fool I am! I fancied the old fellow had no *nous*, except for Latin and Greek."

Strange to say, the old fellow had *nous* enough to notice his hesitation. John Rosedew got up from his chair, and stood looking at Rufus Hutton.

"Sir, I will thank you to tell me exactly what you mean about my daughter."

"Nothing at all, Mr. Rosedew. What do you suppose I *should* mean?"

"You *should* mean nothing at all, sir. But I believe that you *do* mean something. And, please God, I will have it out of you." Rufus Hutton said afterwards that he had two great frights that evening, and he believed the last was the worst. The parson never dreamed that any man could be afraid of him, except it were a liar, and he looked upon Rufus contemptuously. The man of the world was nothing before the man of truth.

"Mr. Rosedew," said Rufus, recovering himself, "your conduct is very extraordinary; and (you will excuse my saying it) more violent than becomes a man of your position and character."

"No violence becomes any man, whatever his position. I am sorry if I have been violent."

"You have indeed," said Rufus, pushing his advantage: a generous man would have said, "No, you haven't," at seeing the parson's distress, and so would Rufus have said, if he had happened to be in the right; "so violent, Mr. Rosedew, that I believe you almost frightened me."

"Dear me!" said John, reflecting, "and he has just leaped an oak tree! I must have been very bad."

"Don't mention it, my dear sir, I entreat you say no more about it. We all know what a father is." And Rufus Hutton who did not yet, but expected to know in some three months, grew very large, and felt himself able to patronise the rector. "Mr. Rosedew, I as well am to blame. I am thoughtless, sir, very thoughtless, or rather I should say too thoughtful; I am too fond of seeing round a corner, which I have always been famous for. Sir, a man who possesses this power, this gift, this—I don't know the word for it, but I have no doubt you do—that man is apt to—I mean to—"

"Knock his head against a wall?" suggested the parson, in all good faith.

"No, you mistake me; I don't mean that at all; I mean that a man with this extraordinary foresight, which none can understand except those who are gifted with it, is liable sometimes, is amenable—I mean to—to—"

"See double. Ah, yes, I can quite understand it." John Rosedew shut his eyes, and felt up for a disquisition, yet wanted to hear of his daughter.

"No, my dear sir, no. It is something very far from anything so commonplace as that. What I mean is—only I cannot express it, because you interrupt me so—that a man may have this faculty, this insight, this perception, which saves him from taking offence where none whatever is meant, and yet, as it were by some obliquity of the vision, may seem, in some measure, to see the wrong individual." Here Rufus felt like the dwarf Alpius, when he had stogged Iamblichus.

"That is an interesting question, and reminds me of the state of *ἀπείθεια*, as described in the life of Pyrrho by Diogenes Laertius; whose errors, if I may venture to say it, have been made too much of by the great Isaac Casaubon, then scarcely mature of judgment. It will give me the greatest pleasure to go into that question with you. But not just now. I am thrown out so sadly, and my

memory fails me"—John Rosedew had fancied this, by-the-by, ever since he was thirty years old—"only tell me one thing, Dr. Hutton, and I am very sorry for my violence; you meant no harm about my daughter?" Here the grey-haired man, with the mighty forehead, opened his clear blue eyes, and looked down upon Rufus beseechingly.

"Upon my honour as a gentleman, I mean no harm whatever. I made the greatest mistake; and I see the mistake I made."

"Will you tell me, sir, what it was? Just to ease my mind. I am sure that you will."

"No, I must not tell you now, until I have worked the matter out. You will thank me for not doing so. But I apologize most heartily. I feel extremely uncomfortable. No claret, sir, but the port if you please. I was famous, in India, for my nerve; but now it seems to be failing me."

Rufus, as we now perceive, had fully discovered his mistake, and was trying to trace the consequences. The beautiful girl whom he saw in the wood, that evening, with Clayton Nowell, was not our Amy at all at all, but Mr. Garnet's daughter. He knew the face, though changed and white, when it frightened his mare in the moonlight; and, little time as he had to think, it struck him then as very strange that Miss Rosedew should be there. Bull Garnet's cottage, on the other hand, was quite handy in the hollow.

CHAPTER XXVI.

At this melancholy time, John Rosedew had quite enough to do without any burden of fresh anxieties about his own pet Amy. Nevertheless that burden was added; not by Dr. Hutton's vague questions, although they helped to impose it, but by the father's own observation of his darling's strange condition. "Can it be," he asked himself, and often longed to ask her, as he saw only lilies where roses had been, and little hands trembling at breakfast time, "can it be

that this child of mine loved the poor boy Clayton, and is wasting away in sorrow for him? Is that the reason why she will not meet Cradock, nor Cradock meet her, and she trembles at his name? And then that book which Aunt Doxy made her throw on the kitchen fire—very cruel I now see it was of my good sister Eudoxia, though at first I did not think so—that book I know was poor Clayton's, for I have seen it in his hand. Well, if it truly is so, there is nothing to be done, except to be unusually kind to her, and trust to time for the cure, and give her plenty of black-currant jam."

These ideas he imparted to the good Aunt Doxy, who delivered some apophthegms (which John did not want to listen to), but undertook, whatever should happen, to be down upon Amy sharply. She knew all about her tonsils and her uvula, and all that stuff, and she did not want John's advice, though she had never had a family; and thank God heartily for it!

On Monday, when the funeral came to Nowelhurst churchyard, John Rosedew felt his heart give way, and could not undertake it. At the risk of deeply offending Sir Cradock, whose nerves that day were of iron, he passed the surplice to his curate, Mr. Pell, of Rushford; and begged him, with a sad slow smile, to do the duty for him. Sir Cradock Nowell frowned, and coloured, and then bowed low with an icy look, when he saw the change which had been made, and John Rosedew fall in as a mourner. People said that from that day the old friendship was dissevered.

John, for his part, could not keep his eyes from the nook of the church-yard, where among the yew-trees stood, in the bitterness of anguish, he who had not asked, nor been asked, to attend as mourner. Cradock bowed his head and wept, for now his tears came freely, and prayed the one Almighty Father, who alone has mercy, not to take his misery from him, but to take him from it.

When the mould was cast upon the coffin, black Wena came between people's legs, gave a cry, and jumped in after it,

thinking to retrieve her master, like a stick from the water. She made such a mournful noise in the grave, and whimpered, and put her head down, and wondered why no one said "Wena, dear," that all the school-girls burst out sobbing—having had apples from Clayton lately—and Octavius Pell, the great cricketer, wanted something soft for his throat.

That evening, when all was over, and the grave heaped snugly up, and it was time to think of other things and begin to wonder at sorrow, John Rosedew went to Sir Craddock Nowell, not only as a fellow-mourner and a friend of ancient days, but as a minister of Christ. It had cost John many struggles; and, what with his sense of worldly favours, school-day-friendship, delicacy, he could scarce tell what to make of it, till he just went down on his knees and prayed; then the learned man learned his duty.

Sir Craddock turned his head away, as if he did not want him. John held out his hand, and said nothing.

"Mr. Rosedew, I am surprised to see you. And yet, John, this is kind of you."

John hoped that he only said "Mr. Rosedew," because the footman was lingering, and he tried not to feel the difference.

"Craddock, you know what I am, as well as I know what you are. Fifty years, my dear fellow, fifty years of friendship."

"Yes, John, I remember when I was twelve years old, and you fought Sam Cockings for me."

"And, Craddock, I thrashed him fairly; you know I thrashed him fairly. They said I got his head under the form; but you know it was all a lie. How I do hate lies! I believe it began that day. If so, the dislike is subjective. Perhaps I ought to reconsider it."

"John, I know nothing in your life which you ought to reconsider, except what you are doing now."

Sir Craddock Nowell began the combat, because he felt that it must be waged; and perhaps he knew in that beginning that he had the weaker cause.

"Craddock, I am doing nothing which is not my simple duty. When I see those I love in the deepest distress, can I help siding with them?"

"Upon that principle, or want of it, you might espouse, as a duty, the cause of any murderer."

The old man shuddered, and his voice shook, as he whispered that last word. As yet he had not worked up himself, nor been worked up by others, to the black belief which made the living lost beyond the dead.

"I am sure I don't know what I might do," said John Rosedew simply, "but what I am doing now is right; and in your heart you know it. Come, Craddock, as an old man now, and one whom God has visited, forgive your poor, your noble son, who never will forgive himself."

But for one word in that speech, John Rosedew would perhaps have won his cause, and reconciled son and father.

"My noble son indeed, John! A very noble thing he has done. Shall I never hear the last of his nobility? And who ever called my Clayton noble? You have been unfair throughout, John Rosedew, most unfair and blind to the merits of my more loving, more simple-hearted, more truly noble boy, I tell you."

Mr. Rosedew, at such a time, could not of course contest the point, could not tell the bereaved old man that it was he himself who had been unfair.

"And when," asked Sir Craddock, getting warmer, "when did you know my poor boy Violet stick up for political opinions of his own at the age of twenty, want to drain tenants' cottages, and pretend to be better and wiser than his father?"

"And when have you known Craddock do, at any rate, the latter?"

"Ever since he got that scholarship, that Scotland thing at Oxford"—Sir Craddock knew the name well enough, as every Oxford man does—"he has been perfectly insufferable; such arrogance, such conceit, such airs! And he only got it by a trick. Poor Viley ought to have had it."

John Rosedew tried to control himself, but the gross untruth and injustice

of that last accusation were a little too much for him.

"Perhaps, Sir Cradock Nowell, you will allow that I am a competent judge of the relative powers of the two boys, who knew all they did know from me, and from no one else."

"Of course I know you are a competent judge, only blinded by partiality."

John allowed even that to go by.

"Without any question of preference, simply as a lover of literature, I say that Clayton had no chance with him in a Greek examination. In Latin he would have run him close. You know I always said so, even before they went to college. I was surprised, at the time, that they mentioned Clayton even as second to him."

"And grieved, I dare say, deeply grieved, if the truth were told!"

"It is below me to repel mean little accusations."

"Come, John Rosedew," said Sir Cradock, magnanimously and liberally, "I can forgive you for being quarrelsome, even at such a time as this. It always was so, and I suppose it always will be. To-day I am not fit for much, though perhaps you do not know it. Thinking so little of my dead boy, you are surprised that I should grieve for him."

"I should be surprised indeed if you did not. God knows even I have grieved deeply, as for a son of my own."

"Shake hands, John; you are a good fellow—the best fellow in the world. Forgive me for being petulant. You don't know how my heart aches."

After that it was impossible to return for the moment to Cradock Nowell. But the next day John renewed the subject, and at length obtained a request from the father that his son should come to him.

By this time Cradock hardly knew when he was doing anything, and when he was doing nothing. He seemed to have no regard for any one, no concern about anything, least of all for himself. Even his love for Amy Rosedew had a pall thrown over it, and lay upon the trestles. The only thing he cared at

all for was his father's forgiveness: let him get that, and then go away and be seen no more among them. He could not think, or feel surprise, or fear, or hope for anything; he could only tell himself all day long that if God were kind He would kill him. A young life wrecked, so utterly wrecked, and through no fault of its own; unless (as some begin to dream) we may not slay for luxury; unless we have but a limited right to destroy our Father's property.

Sir Cradock, it has been stated, cared a great deal more for his children than he did for his ancestors. He had not been wondering, through his sorrow, what the world would say of him, what it would think of the Nowells; he had a little too much self-respect to care a fig for fool's-tongue. Now he sat in his carved oak-chair, expecting his only son, and he tried to sit upright. But the flatness of his back was gone, never to return; and the shoulder-blades showed through his coat, like a spoon left under the table-cloth. Still he appeared a stately man, one not easily bowed by fortune, or at least not apt to acknowledge it.

Young Cradock entered his father's study, with a flush on his cheeks, which had been so pale, and his mind made up for endurance, but his wits going round like a swirl of leaves. He could not tell what he might say or do. He began to believe he had shot his father, and to wonder whether it hurt him much. Trying in vain to master his thoughts, he stood with his quivering hands clasped hard, and his chin upon his breast. So perhaps Adrastus stood, Adrastus son of Gordias, before the childless Cræsus; and the simple words are these:—"After this there came the Lydians carrying the corpse. And behind it followed the slayer. And standing there before the corpse, he gave himself over to Cræsus, stretching forth his hands, commanding to slay him upon the corpse, telling both his own former stress, and how upon the top of that he had destroyed his cleanser, nor was his life now liveable. Cræsus, having heard these things,

"though being in so great a trouble of the hearth, has compassion on Adrastus, and says to him—But Adrastus, son of Gordias, son of Midas, this man, I say, who had been the slayer of his womb-brother, and slayer of him that cleansed him, when there was around the grave a quietude from men, feeling that he was of all men whom he had ever seen the most weighed down with trouble, kills himself dead upon the tomb."

But the father now was not like Cresus, the generous-hearted Lydian, although the man who stood before him was not a runagate from Phrygia, but the son of his own loins. The father did not look at him, but kept his eyes fixed on the window, as though he knew not any were near him. Then the son could wait no more, but spoke in a hollow, trembling voice—

"Father, I am come, as you ordered."

"Yes. I will not keep you long. Perhaps you want to go out" ("shooting" he was about to say, but could not be quite so cruel). "I only wish so to settle matters that we may meet no more."

"Oh, father—my own father!—for God's sake!—if there be a God—don't speak to me like that!"

"Sir, I shall take it as a proof that you are still a gentleman, which at least you used to be, if you will henceforth address me as 'Sir Cradock Nowell,' a title which soon will be your own."

"Father, look me in the face, and ask me; then I will."

Sir Cradock Nowell still looked forth the heavily-tinted window. His son, his only, his grief-worn son, was kneeling at his side, unable to weep, too proud to sob, with the sense of deep wrong rising. If the father once had looked at him, nature must have conquered.

"Mr. Nowell, I have only admitted you that we might treat of business. Allow me to forget the face of a fratricide, perhaps murderer."

Cradock Nowell fell back heavily, for he had risen from his knees. The crown of his head crashed the glass of a picture, and blood showered down his

pale face. He never even put his hand up, to feel what was the matter. He said nothing, not a syllable; but stood there, and let the room go round. How his mother must have wept, if she was looking down from heaven!

The old man, having all the while a crude, dim sense of outrunning his heart, gave the youth time to recover himself, if it were a thing worth recovering.

"Now as to our arrangements—the subject I wished to speak about. I only require your consent to the terms I propose, until, in the natural course of events, you succeed to the family property."

"What family property, sir?" Cradock's head was dizzy still, though the bleeding had done him good.

"Why, of course, the Nowelhurst property; all these entailed estates, to which you are now sole heir."

"I will never touch one shilling, nor step upon one acre of it."

"Under your mother's—that is to say, under my marriage-settlement," continued Sir Cradock in the same tone, as if his son were only bantering, "you are at once entitled to the sum of 50,000*l.* invested in three per cent. Consols, which would have been—I mean, which was meant for younger children. This sum the trustees will be prepared—"

"Do you think I will touch it? Am I a thief as well as a murderer?"

"I shall also make arrangements for securing to you, until my death, an income of 5,000*l.* per annum. This you can draw for quarterly, and the cheques will be countersigned by my steward, Mr. Garnet."

"Of course, lest I should forge. Once for all hear me, Sir Cradock Nowell. So help me the God who has now forsaken me, who has turned my life to death, and made my own father curse me—every word of yours is a curse—I say so help me that God (if there be one to help, as well as to smite a man), till you crave my pardon upon your knees, as I have craved yours this day, I will never take one yard of your land, I will

never call myself 'Nowell,' or own you again as my father. God knows I am very unlucky and little, but you have shown yourself less. And some day you will know it."

In the full strength of his righteous pride, he walked for the first time like a man, since he leaped that deadly hedge. From that moment a change came over him. There was nothing to add to his happiness, but something to rouse his manhood. The sense of justice, the sense of honour—that flower and crown of justice—forbade him henceforth to sue, and be shy, and bemoan himself under hedges. From that day forth he was as a man visited of God, and humbled, but facing ever his fellow-men, and not ashamed of affliction.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WITH an even step, and no frown on his forehead, nor glimpse of a tear in his eyes, young Cradock walked to his own little room, his "nest," as he used to call it; where pipes, and books, and Oxford prints—no ballet-girls, however, and not so very many hunters—and whips, and foils, and boxing-gloves—*cum multis aliis quæ nunc describere longum est; et cui non dicta long ago!*—were handled more often than dusted. All these things, except one pet little pipe, which he was now come to look for, and which Viley had given him a year ago, when they swopped pipes on their birthday (like Diomed and the brave Lycian), all the rest were things of a by-gone age, to be thought of no more for the present, but dreamed of perhaps on a Christmas-eve, when the air is full of luxury.

Caring but little for any of them, although he had loved them well until they seemed to injure him, Cradock proceeded with great equanimity to do a very foolish thing, which augured badly for the success of a young man just preparing to start for himself in the world. He poured the entire contents of his purse into a little cedar tray, then packed all the money in paper rolls

with a neatness which rather astonished him, and sealed each roll with his amethyst ring. Then he put them into a little box of some rare and beautiful palm-wood, which had been his mother's, laid his cheque-book beside them (for he had been allowed a banking-account long before he was of age), and placed upon that his gold watch and chain, and trinkets, the amethyst ring itself, his diamond studs, and other jewellery, even a locket which had contained two little sheaves of hair, bound together with golden thread, but from which he first removed, and packed in silver paper, the fair hair of his mother. This last, with the pipe which Clayton had given him, and the empty purse made by Amy's fingers, were all he meant to carry away, besides the clothes he wore.

After locking the box he rang the bell, and begged the man who answered it to send old Hogstaff to him. That faithful servant, from whom he had learned so many lessons of infancy, came tottering along the passage, with his old eyes dull and heavy. For Job had gloried in those two brothers, and loved them both as the children of his elder days. And now one of them was gone for ever, in the height of his youth and beauty, and a whisper was in the household that the other would not stay. Of him, whom Job had always looked upon as his future master (for he meant to outlive the present Sir Cradock, as he had done the one before him) he had just been scoring upon his fingers all the things he had taught him—to whistle "Spankadillo," while he drummed it with his knuckles; to come to the pantry-door, and respond to the "Who's there?"—"A grenadier!" shouldering a broomstick; to play on the Jew's-harp, with variations, "An old friend, and a bottle to give him;" and then to uncork the fictitious bottle with the pop of his forefinger out of his mouth, and to decant it carefully with the pat of his gurgling cheeks! After all that, how could he believe Master Crad could ever forsake him?

Now Mr. Hogstaff's legs were getting like the ripe pods of a scarlet-runner

(although he did not run much); here they stuck in, and there they stuck out, abnormally in either case; his body began to come forward as if warped at the small of the back; and his honest face (though he drank but his duty) was Septembred with many a vintage. And yet, with the keenness of love and custom, he saw at once what the matter was, as he looked up at the young master.

"Oh, Master Crad, dear Master Crad, whatever are you going to do? Don't, for good now, don't, I beg on you. Harken now; do 'ee harken to an old man for a minute." And he caught him by both arms to stop him, with his tremulous, wrinkled hands.

"O Hoggy, dear, kind Hoggy! you are about the only one left to care about me now."

"No, don't you say that, Master Crad; don't you say that, whatever you do. Whoever tell you that, tell a lie, sir. It was only last night Mrs. Toaster, and cook, and Mrs. O'Gaghan the Irish-woman, was round the fire boiling, and they cried a deal more than they boiled, I do assure you they did, sir. And Mr. Stote, he come in with some rabbits, and he went on like mad. And the maids, so sorry every one of them, they can't be content with their mourning, sir; I do assure you they can't. Oh, don't 'ee do no harm to yourself, don't 'ee, Mr. Cradock, sir."

"No, Hoggy," said Cradock, taking his hands; "you need not fear that now of me. I have had very wicked thoughts, but God has helped me over them. Henceforth I am resolved to bear my trouble like a man. It is the part of a dog to run, when the hoot begins behind him. Now, take this little box, and this key, and give them yourself to Sir Cradock Nowell. It is the last favour I shall ask of you. I am going away, my dear old friend; don't keep me now, for I must go. Only give me your good wishes; and see that they mind poor Caldo: and, whatever they say of me behind my back, you won't believe it, Job Hogstaff, will you?"

Job Hogstaff had never been harder

put to it in all his seventy years. Then, as he stood at the open door to see the last of his favourite, he thought of the tall, dark woman's words so many years ago. "A bonnie pair ye have gat; but ye'll ha' no luck o' them. Tak' the word of threescore year, ye'll never get no luck o' 'em."

Cradock turned aside from his path, to say good-bye to Caldo. It would only take just a minute, he thought, and of course he should never see him again. So he went to that snug and sweetest of kennels, and in front of it sat the king of dogs.

The varieties of canine are as manifold and distinct as those of human nature. But the dog, be he saturnine or facetious, sociable or contemplative, mercurial or melancholic, is quite sure to be one thing—true and loyal ever. Can we, who are less than the dogs of the Infinite, say as much of ourselves to Him? Now Caldo, as has been implied, if not expressed before, was a setter of large philosophy and rare reflective power. I mean, of course, theoretical more than practical philosophy; as any dog would soon have discovered, who tried to snatch a bone from him. Moreover, he had some originality, and a turn for satire. He would sit sometimes by the hour, nodding his head impressively, and blinking first one eye and then the other, watching and considering the doings of his fellow-dogs. How fashionably they yawned and stretched, in a mode they had learned from a pointer, who was proud of his teeth and vertebrae; how they hooked up their tails for a couple of joints, and then let them fall at a right angle, having noticed that fashion in ladies' bustles, when they came on a Sunday to talk to them; how they crawled on their stomachs to get a pat, as a provincial mayor does for knighthood; how they sniffed at each other's door, with an eye to the rotten bones under the straw, as we all smell about for the wealthy; how their courtesy to one another flowed from their own convenience—these, and a thousand other dog-tricks, Caldo, dwelling apart, observed, but did not condemn, for he

felt that they were his own. Now he hushed his bark of joy, and looked up wistfully at his master, for he knew by the expression of that face all things were not as they ought to be. Why had Wena snapped at him so, and avoided his society, though he had always been so good to her, and even thought of an alliance. Why did his master order him home that dull night in the covert, when he was sure he had done no harm? Above all, what meant that moving blackness he had seen through the trees only yesterday, when the other dogs (muffs as they were) expected a regular battue, and came out strong at their kennel doors, and barked for young Clayton to fetch them?

So he looked up now in his master's face, and guessed that it meant a long farewell, perhaps a farewell for ever. He took a fond look into his eyes, and his own pupils told great volumes. Then he sat up, and begged for a minute or two, with a most beseeching glance, to share his master's fortunes, though he might have to steal his livelihood, and never get any shooting. Seeing that this could never be, he planted his forepaws on Cradock's breast (though he felt that it was a liberty) and nestled his nose right under his cheek, and wanted to keep him ever so long. Then he howled with a low, enduring despair, as the footfall he loved grew fainter.

Looking back sadly, now and then, at the tranquil home of his childhood, whose wings, and gables, and depths of stone were grand in the autumn sunset, Cradock Nowell went his way toward the simple rectory: he would say good-bye there to Uncle John and the kind Aunt Doxy; Miss Rosedew the younger, of course, would avoid him, as she had done ever since. But suddenly he could not resist the strange desire to see once more that fatal, miserable spot, the bidental of his destiny. So he struck into a side-path leading to the deep and bosky covert. The long shadows fell from the pale birch stems, the hollies looked black in the sloping light, and the brown leaves fluttered down here and there as the cold wind

set the trees shivering. Only six days ago, only half an hour further into the dusk, he had slain his own twin brother. He crawled up the hedge through the very same gap, for he could not leap it now; his back ached with weakness, his heart with despair, as he stayed himself by the same hazel branch which had struck his gun at the muzzle. Then he shivered, as the trees did, and his hair, like the brown leaves, rustled, as he knelt and prayed that his brother's spirit might appear there and forgive him. Hoping and fearing to find it there, he sidled down into the dark wood, and with his heart knocking hard against his ribs, forced himself to go forward. All at once his heart stood still, and every nerve of his body went creeping—for he saw a tall, white figure kneeling where his brother's blood was—kneeling, never moving, the hands together as in prayer, the face as wan as immortality, the black hair—if it were hair—falling straight as a pall drawn back from an alabaster coffin-head. The power of the entire form was not of earth, nor heaven; but as of the intermediate state, when we know not we are dead yet.

Cradock could not think nor breathe. The whole of his existence was frozen up in awe. It showed him in the after time, when he could think about it, the ignorance, the insolence, of dreaming that any human state is quit of human fear. While he gazed, in dread to move (not knowing his limbs would refuse him), with his whole life swallowed up in gazing at the world beyond the grave, the tall, white figure threw its arms up to the darkening sky, rose, and vanished instantly.

What do you think Cradock Nowell did? We all know what he ought to have done. He ought to have walked up calmly, with measured yet rapid footsteps, and his eyes and wits well about him, and investigated everything. Instead of that he cut and ran, as hard as he could go; and I know I should have done the same, and I believe more than half of you would, unless you were too much frightened. He would never turn

back upon living man; but our knowledge of Hades is limited. We pray for angels around our bed; if they came, we should have nightmare.

Cradock, going at a desperate pace, with a handsome pair of legs, [which had recovered their activity, kicked up something hard and bright from a little dollop of leaves, caught it in his hand like a tennis-ball, and leaped the hedge *uno impetu*. Away he went, without stopping to think, through the splashy sides of the spire-bed, almost as fast, and quite as much frightened, as Rufus Hutton's mare. When he got well out into the chace, he turned, and began to laugh at himself; but a great white owl flapped over a furze-bush, and away went Cradock again. The light had gone out very suddenly, as it often does in October, and Cradock (whose wind was uncommonly good) felt it his duty to keep good hours at the rectory. So, with the bright thing, whatever it was, poked anywhere into his pocket, he came up the drive at early tea-time, and got a glimpse through the window of Amy.

"Couldn't have been Amy, at any rate," he said to himself, in extinction of some very vague ideas; "I defy her to come at the pace I have done. No, no, it must have been in answer to my desperate prayer."

Amy was gone, though her cup was there, when Cradock entered the drawing-room. "Well," he thought, "how hard-hearted she is. But it cannot matter now, much. Though I never believed she would be so."

Being allowed by his kind entertainers to do exactly as he pleased, poor Cradock had led the life of a hermit more than that of a guest among them. He had taken what little food he required in the garret he had begged for, or carried it with him into the woods where most of his time was spent. Of course all this was very distressing to the hospitable heart of Miss Doxy, but her brother John would have it so, for so he had promised Cradock. He could understand the reluctance of one who feels himself under a ban to meet his

fellow-creatures hourly, and know that they all are thinking of him. So it came to pass that Miss Eudoxia, who now sat alone in the drawing room, was surprised as well as pleased at the entrance of their refugee. As he hesitated a moment, in doubt of his reception, she ran up at once, took both his hands, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Oh, Cradock, my dear boy, this is kind of you; most kind, indeed, to come and tell me at once of your success. I need not ask—I know by your face; the first bit of colour I have seen in your poor cheeks this many a day."

"That's because I have been running, Miss Rosedew."

"Miss Rosedew, indeed; and *now*, Cradock! Aunt Eudoxia, if you please, or Aunt Doxy, with all my heart, now." He used to call her so, to tease her, in the happy days gone by; and she loved to be teased by him, her pet and idol.

"Dear Aunt Eudoxia, tell me truly, do you think—I can hardly ask you."

"Think what, Cradock? My poor Cradock; oh, don't be like that!"

"Not that I did—I don't mean that—but that it was possible for me to have done it on purpose?"

"Done what on purpose, Cradock?"

"Why, of course, that horrible, horrible thing."

"*On purpose*, Cradock! My poor innocent! Only let me hear any one dream of it, and if I don't come down upon them."

An undignified sentence, that of Aunt Doxy's, as well as a most absurd one. How long has she been in the habit of hearing people dream?

"Some one not only dreams it, some one actually believes that I did it so."

"The low wretch—the despicable—who?"

"My own father."

I will not repeat what Miss Rosedew said, when she recovered from her gasp, because her language was stronger than becomes an elderly lady and the sister of a clergyman, not to mention the Countess of Driddledrum and Dromore, who must have been wholly forgotten.

"Then you don't think, dear Aunt

Eudoxia, that—that Uncle John would believe it !”

“What, my brother John ! Surely you know better than that, my dear.”

“Nor—nor—perhaps not even cousin Amy !”

“Amy indeed ! I do believe that child is perfectly mad. I can’t make her out at all, she is so contradictory. She cries half the night, I am sure of that ; and she does not care for her school, though she goes there ; and her flowers she won’t look at.”

Seeing that Craddock’s countenance fell more and more at all this, Miss Rosedew, who had long suspected where his heart was dwelling, told him a thing to cheer him up, which she had declared she would never tell.

“Darling Amy is, you know, a very odd girl indeed. Sometimes, when something happens very puzzling and perplexing, some great visitation of Providence, Amy becomes so dreadfully obstinate, I mean she has such delightful faith, that we are obliged to listen to her. And she is quite sure to be right in the end, though at the moment perhaps we laugh at her. And yet she is so shy, you can never get at her heart, except by forgetting what you are about. Well, we got at it somehow this afternoon ; and you should have heard what she said. Her beautiful great eyes flashed upon us, like the rock that was struck, and gushed like it, before she ended. ‘Can we dare to think,’ she cried, ‘that our God is asleep like Baal—that He knows not when he has chastened His children beyond what they can bear ? I know that he, who is now so trampled and crushed of Heaven, is not tried thus for nothing. He shall rise again more pure and large, and fresh from the hand of God, and do what lucky men rarely think of—the will of his Creator.’ And, when John and I looked at her, she fell away and cried terribly.”

Craddock was greatly astonished : it seemed so unlike young Amy to be carried away in that style. But her comfort and courage struck root in his heart, and her warm faith thawed his

despair. Still he saw very little chance, at present, of doing anything but starving.

“How wonderfully good you all are to me ! But I can’t talk about it, though I shall think of it as long as I live. I am going away to-night, Aunt Doxy, but I must first see Uncle John.”

Of course Miss Rosedew was very angry, and proved it to be quite impossible that Craddock should leave them so ; but, before very long, her good sense prevailed, and she saw that it was for the best. While he stayed there, he must either persist to shut himself up in solitude, or wander about in desert places, and never look with any comfort on the face of man. So she went with him to the door of the book-room, and left him with none but her brother. John Rosedew sat in his little room, with only one candle to light him, and the fire gone out as usual : his books lay all around him, even his best-loved treasures, but his heart was not among them. The grief of the old, though not wild and passionate as a young man’s anguish, is perhaps more pitiable, because more slow and hopeless. The young tree rings to the keen pruning-hook, the old tree groans to the grating saw ; but one will blossom and bear again, while the other gapes with canker. None of his people had heard the rector quote any Greek or Latin for a length of time unprecedented. When a sweet and playful mind, like his, has taken to mope and be earnest, the effect is far more sad and touching than a stern man’s melancholy. Ironworks out of blast are dreary, but the family hearth mossgrown is woeful.

Uncle John leaped up very lightly from his brooding (rather than reading), and shook Craddock Nowell by the hand, as if he never would let him go, all the time looking into his face by the light of a composite candle. It was only to know how he had fared, and John read his face too truly. Then, as Craddock turned away, not wanting to make much of it, John came before him

with sadness and love, and his blue eyes glistened softly.

"My boy, my boy!" was all he could say, or think, for a very long time. Then Craddock told him, without a tear, a sigh, or even a comment, but with his face as pale as could be, and his breath coming heavily, all that his father had said to him, and all that he meant to do through it.

"And so, Uncle John," he concluded, rising to start immediately, "here I go to seek my fortune, such as it will and must be. Good-bye, my best and only friend. I am ten times the man I was yesterday, and shall be grander still to-morrow." He tried to pop off, like a lively cork, but John Rosedew would not have it.

"Young man, don't be in a hurry. It strikes me that I want a pipe; and it also strikes me that you will smoke one with me."

Craddock was taken aback by the novelty of the situation. He had never dreamed that Uncle John could, under any possible circumstances, ask him to smoke a pipe. He knew well enough that the rector smoked a sacrificial pipe to Morpheus, in a room of his own upstairs; only one, while chewing the end of all he had read that day. But Mr. Rosedew had always discouraged, as elderly smokers do, any young aspirants to the mystic hierophancy. It is not a vow to be taken rashly, for the vow is irrevocable; except with men of no principle.

And now he was to smoke there—he, a mere bubble-blowing boy, to smoke in the middle of deepest books, to fumigate a manuscript containing a life's learning, which John could no more get on with; and—oh Miss Eudoxia!—to make the hall smell and the drawing-room! The oxymoron overcame him, and he took his pipe: John Rosedew had filled it judiciously, and quite as a matter of course; he filled his own in the self-same manner, with a digital skill worthy of an ancient fox trying on a foxglove. All the time, John was shyly wondering at his own great force of character.

"Now," said John Rosedew, still keeping it up, "I have a drop of very old Schiedam—Schnapps I think, or something—of which I want your opinion; Crad, my boy, I want your opinion, before we import any more. I am no judge of that sort of thing; it is so long since I was at Oxford." Without more ado, he went somewhither, after lighting Craddock's yard of clay—which the young man burnt his fingers about, for he wouldn't let the old man do it—and come back like a Bacchanal, with a square black-jack beneath his arm, and Jenny after him, wondering whether they had not prayed that morning enough against the devil. It was a good job Miss Amy was out of the way; the old cat was bewitched, that was certain, as well as her dear good master. Miss Doxy was happy in knowing not that she was called "the old cat" in the kitchen.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Now, Craddy, my dear, dear boy," said Uncle John, when things had been done with lemon and cold water, and all that wherein discussion so utterly beats description, "you know me too well to suppose that I wish to pass things lightly. I know well enough that you will look the hard world full in the face. And so should I do, in your case. All I wish is that you should do it, not with spite, or bile, or narrowness, but broadly as a Christian."

"It is hard to talk about that now," said Craddock, inhaling charity, and puffing away all acrimony; "Uncle John, I hope I may come to it as my better spirit returns to me."

"I hope it indeed, and believe it, Crad; I don't see how it can be otherwise, with a young man of your breadth of mind, and solid faith to help you. An empty lad, who snaps up stuff because he thinks it fine, and garbles it into garbago, would become an utter infidel, under what you have suffered. With you, I believe, it will be otherwise; I believe you will be enlarged and purified by sorrow—the night which

makes the guiding-star so much the clearer to us." John Rosedew was drinking no Schiedam—allow me to explain—though pretending rare enjoyment of it, and making Craddock drink a little, because his heart was down so.

After they had talked a pipeful longer, not great weighty sentiments, but a deal of kindly stuff, the young fellow got up quietly, and said, "Now, Uncle John, I must go."

"My boy, I can trust you anywhere, after what you have been telling me. Of human nature I know nothing, except"—for John thought he did know something—"from my own little experience. I find great thoughts in the Greek philosophers; but somehow they are too general, and too little genial. One thing I know, we far more often mistrust than trust unwisely. And now I can trust you, Craddock; in the main you will stand upright. Stop, my boy; you must have a scrip; I was saving it for your birthday."

"You don't despise me, I hope?" said Craddock; "you don't think me a coward for running away so? After what has happened to-day, I should go mad, if I stopped here. Not that that would matter much; only that, if it were so, I should be sure to *do it*."

John Rosedew had no need to ask what he meant by the last two words, for the hollow voice told him plainly. But for him, it is likely enough that it would have been done ere this; at any rate, in the first horror, his hand alone had prevented it. The parson trembled at the idea, but thought best not to dwell upon it.

"*Reformidare mortem est animi pusillanimitas*,' but '*reformidare vitam*' is ten times worse, because impious. Therefore in your case, my boy, it is utterly impossible, as well as ignoble towards us who love you so. Remember that you will break at least two old hearts you owe some duty to, if you allow your own to be broken. And now for your viaticum; see how you have relieved me. While you lived beneath Hymettian beams in the goods of Tyre and Cyprus, I, even I your

godfather, knew not what to give you. The thought has been vexing me for months, and now what a simple solution! You shall have it in the original dross, to pay the toll on the Appian road, at least the South Western Railway. Figs to Athens, I thought it would be, or even as eels to Copais; and now '*servas iturum Casarem*.' I believe it is at the twenty-first page of my manuscript, such as it is, upon the Sabellian elements."

After searching in three or four drawers—for he was rather astray at the moment, though generally he could put his hand, even in the dark, upon any particular one of his ten thousand books—he came upon the Sabellian treatise, written on backs of letters, on posters, on puffing circulars, even on visiting cards, and cast-away tradesmen's tickets; and there at the twenty-first page or deltiis, lay a 50*l*. Bank of England note, with some very tough roots arranged diamond-wise on the back, and arrows, and hyphens, and asterisks flying about thickly between them. These he copied off, in a moment, on a piece of old hat-lining, and then triumphantly waved the banknote in the air. It was not often poor Uncle John got hold of so much money; too bitterly knew Aunt Doxy how large was the mesh of his purse.

While Craddock gazed with great admiration, John Rosedew, with his fingers upon his lips, and looking half-ashamed of himself, went to a cupboard, whose doors, half open, gave a glimpse of countless sermons. From among them he drew a wide-mouthed bottle of leeches, and set it up upon the table. Then he pulled out the stopper, unplugged it, and lo! from a hole in the cork fell out two sovereigns and a half one. As this money rolled on the table, John could not help chuckling a little.

"Ha, good sister Eudoxia, have I over-reached thee again? Double precaution there you see, Crad. She has a just horror of my sermons, and she runs at the sight of a leech. '*Non missura cutem*'—be sure, not a word about it, Crad. That asylum is invio-

lable, and sempitern I hope. I shall put more there next week."

Cradock took the money at once, with the deepest gratitude, but no great fuss about it; for he saw how bitterly that good man would feel it, if he were small enough to refuse. I shall not dwell upon their good-bye, as we have had enough valediction; only Cradock promised to write from London, so soon as he could give an address there; then leaving sadness behind him, carried a deal of it with him. Only something must yet be recounted, which befell him in Nowellhurst. And this is the first act of it.

While he was in his garret packing a little bag of necessities, forced upon him by Miss Doxy from John's wardrobe and her own almost indiscriminately, and while she was pulling and struggling upstairs with John, and Jemima, and Jenny,—for she would have made Cradock, if she could, carry the entire house with him—he, stowing some things in his pocket, felt what he had caught up so hastily, while flying out of the wood. He examined it by the candlelight, and became at once intent upon it. It had lain beneath a drift of dead leaves backed by a scraggy branch, whence anything short of a great "skedaddle" would never have dislodged it.

And yet it was a great deal too pretty to be treated in that way. Cradock could not help admiring it, though he shuddered and felt some wild hopes vanish as he made out the meaning. It was a beautiful gold bracelet, light, and of first-rate workmanship, harmonious too with its purpose, and of elegant design. The lower half was a strong soft chain of the fabric of Trichinopoli, which bends like the skin of a snake; the front and face showed a strong right arm, gauntleted, yet entirely dependent upon the hand of a lady. No bezilling, no jewel whatever, except that a glorious rose-shaped pearl hung, as in contest, between them.

Cradock wondered for some little time what could be the meaning of it. Then he knew that it was Clayton's

offering to the beloved Amy. No doubt could remain any longer, when he saw in the hollow of the back the proposed inscription pencilled, "*Rosa debita*," for the dead gold of the lady's palm, "*Rosa dedita*" for the burnished gold of the cavalier's high pressure. With ingenious love to help him, he made it out in a moment. "A rose due, now a rose true." That was what it came to, if you took it in punster fashion. Just one of poor Viley's conceits.

Cradock had no time to follow it out, for Miss Eudoxia then came in with a parcel as big as a feather-bed, of comforters, wrappers, and eatables. But, after he had left the house, he began to think about it, in the little path across the green to the village churchyard. He concluded that Amy must have been in the wood that fatal evening. She must have come to meet Clayton there; and yet it was not like her. Facts, however, are facts, as sure as eggs are eggs; though our knowledge makes no great advance through either of those aphorisms. But a growing sense of injury—though he had no right to feel injured, however it might be,—this sense had kept him from asking for Amy, or leaving the flirt a good-bye.

He entered the quiet churchyard, with the moon rising over the tombstones, a mass of shadow cast by the great tower, and some epitaphs pushing well into the light, like the names which get poked into history. The wavering glance of the diffident moon, uncertain yet what the clouds meant, slipped along the buttressed walls, and tried to hold on at the angles. The damp corner, where the tower stood forth, and the south porch ran out to look at it, drew back like a ghost who was curtsying, and declining all further inquiry. Green slime was about, like the sludge of a river; and a hundred sacred memories, growing weary and rheumatic, had stopped their ears with lichen.

Cradock came in at the rickety swing-stile, and, caring no shadow for ghost or ghostess, although he had run away so, took the straight course to the

old black doorway, and on to the heart of the churchyard; for he must say good-bye to Clayton. All Nowelhurst still admired that path; but those who had paved and admired it first were sleeping on either side of it. The pavement now was overlapped, undertucked, and crannied, full of holes where lobworms lived and came out after a thunderstorm, and three cornered dips that looked glazed in wet weather, but scurfy and clammy in drought. And some of the flags stole away and gave under, as if they too wanted burial, while others jerked up, and asserted themselves as superior to some of the tombstones. There in the dark, no mortal with any respect for his grandfather, nor even a ghost with unbilled soles, could go many steps without tripping.

Who will be astonished then when I say that the lightest and loveliest foot that ever tripped in the New Forest not only tripped but stumbled there? At the very corner where the side walk comes in, and the shade of the tower was deepest, smack from behind a hideous sarcophagus fell into Cradock's arms the most beautiful thing ever seen. If he had not caught her, she must have cut the very sweetest face in the world into great holes like the pavement. Stunned for a moment, and then so abroad, that she could not think, nor even speak—"speak nor think" I would have said, if Amy had been masculine—she lay in Cradock's trembling arms, and never wondered where she was. Cradock forgot all despair for the moment, and felt uncommonly lively. It was the sweetest piece of comfort sent to him yet from heaven. Afterwards he always thought that his luck turned from that moment. Perhaps it did; although most people would laugh who knew him afterwards.

Presently Amy recovered, and was wrath with herself and everybody. Ruddier than a Boursalt rose, she fell back against the tombstone.

"Oh Amy," said Cradock, retiring; "I have known it long. Even you are turned against me."

"I turned against you, Mr. Nowell! What right have you to say that of me?"

"No right to say anything, Amy; and scarcely a right to think anything. Only I have felt it."

"Then I wouldn't give much for your feelings. I mean—I beg your pardon—you know I can never express myself."

"Of course, I know that," said Cradock.

"Oh, can't I indeed?" said Amy; "I daresay you think so, Mr. Nowell. You have always thought so meanly of me. But, if I can't express my meaning, I am sure my father can. Perhaps you think you know more than he does."

"Amy," said Cradock, for all this was so unlike herself that, loving that self more than his own, he scarce knew what to do with it; "Amy dear, I see what it is. I suspected it all along."

"What, if you please, Mr. Nowell? I am not accustomed to be suspected. Suspected indeed!"

"Miss Rosedew, don't be angry with me. I know very well how good you are. It is the last time I shall ever see you, or I would not restore you this."

The moon, being on her way towards the south-east, looked over the counter-like gravestone, and Cradock placed on the level surface the bracelet found in the wood. Amy knew it in a moment; and she burst out crying.

"Oh poor Clayton! How proud he was of it! Mr. Nowell, I never could have thought this of you; never, never, never!"

"Thought what of me, Amy? Darling Amy, what on earth have I done to offend you?"

"Oh, nothing. I suppose it is nothing to remind me how cruel I have been to him. Oh no, nothing at all. And all this *from you*."

In a storm of sobs she fell upon Jeremy Wattle's tombstone, and Cradock put one arm around her, to prevent her being hurt.

"Amy, you drive me wild. I have brought it to you only because it is yours, and because I am going away."

"Craddock, it never was mine. I refused it months ago; and I believe he gave it—you know what he was, poor dear—I believe he transferred it, and something else—oh no, I can't express myself—to—just to somebody else."

"Oh, you darling! and who was that other? What a fool he must have been! Confound it, I never meant that."

"I don't know, Craddock. Oh, please keep away. But I think it was Pearl Garnet. Oh, Craddock, dear Craddock, how dare you? No, I won't. Yes, I will, Crad; considering all your misery."

She put up her pure lips in the moonlight—for Craddock had got her in both arms by this time, and was listening to no reason—her sweet lips, pledged once pledged for ever, she put them up in her love and pity, and let him do what he liked with them. And the moon, attesting a thousand seals hourly, never witnessed one more binding.

After all, Craddock Nowell, so tried of Heaven, so scourged with the bitterest rods of despair, your black web of life is inwoven now with one bright thread of gold. The purest, the sweetest, the loveliest girl that ever spun happiness out of sorrow, or smiled through the veil of affliction, the truest and dearest of all God's children, loving all things, hating none, pours into your heart for ever all that fount of love. Freed henceforth from doubt and wonder (except at her own happiness), enfranchised of another world, enriched beyond commercial thoughts, ennobled beyond self, she blushed as she spoke, and grew pale as she thought, and who shall say which was more beautiful? Craddock could tell, perhaps, if any one can; but he only knew that he worshipped her. And to see the way she cried with joy, and how her young bosom panted: it was enough to warm old Jeremy Wattle, dead and buried nigh fourscore years.

Craddock, all abroad himself, full of her existence, tasting, feeling, thinking nothing, except of her deliciousness, drew his own love round to the light to photograph her for ever. Poor Clayton was dead; else Crad would have thought that he deserved to be so, for going away

to Pearl Garnet: but then the grapes were sour. How he revelled in that reflection! And yet it was very wrong of him.

Amy stood up in the moonlight, not ashamed to show herself. She felt that Craddock was poring upon her, to stereotype every inch of her; and yet she was not one atom afraid. She knew that no man ever depreciates his own property, except in the joke which is brag. It is a most wonderful thing, what girls know and what they *won't* know. But who cares now for reflections?

Her thick hair had all fallen out of her hat, because she had been crying so; her delicate form, still so light and girlish, leaned forward in trust of the future, and the long dark lashes she raised for her lover glistened with the deep light under them. Shame was nestling in her cheeks, the shame of growing womanhood, the down on the yet ungathered fruit of love. Then she crept in closer to him, to stop him from looking so much at her.

"Darling Craddock, my own dear Craddock, don't you know me now? You see, I only love you so because you are so unlucky, and I am so dreadfully obstinate."

"Of course, I know all that, my pet; my beauty inexpressible. And, remember that I only love you so because you are such a darling."

Then Amy told him how sorry she was for having been so fractious lately; and that she would never be so again, only it was all his fault, because she wanted to comfort him, and he would not come and let her—here the slightest gleam fluttered through her tears, like the Mazarine Blue among dew-drops,—and that only for the veriest chance, and the saucer she had broken—but what of that, she would like to know; it was the surest sign of good luck to them, although it was the best service—only for that, her Crad would have gone—gone away for ever, and never known how she loved him; yes, with all her heart, every single atom of it, every delicious one, if he *must* know. And she would keep it for him for ever,

for ever; and be thinking of him always. Let him recollect that, poor darling, and think of his troubles no more.

Then he told her how Uncle John had behaved—how nobly, how magnanimously; and had given every bit of money he possessed in the world for Craddock to start in life with. John Rosedew's only child began to cry again at hearing it, and put her little hand into her pocket in the simplest way imaginable. "Yes you will, dear;" "No I won't;" went on for several minutes, till Amy nestled quite into his bosom, and put her sweet lips to his ear.

"If you don't, I will never believe that you love me truly. I am your little wife, you know; and all that I have is yours."

The marriage-portion in debate was no more than five and sixpence, for Amy could never keep money long; so Craddock accepted the sweet little purse, only he must have a bit of her hair in it. She pulled out her little sewing-case, which she always took to the day-school, and the small bright scissors flashed in the moonlight, and they made a great fuss over them. Two great snips were heard, I know; for exchange, after all, is no robbery.

Then hand in hand they went together to see poor Clayton's grave, and Craddock started as they approached, for something black was moving there.

"Little dear," said Amy, as the doggie looked mournfully up at them, "she would starve if it were not for me. And I could not coax her to eat a morsel until I said, 'Clayton, poor Clayton!' And then she licked my hand and whined, and took a bit to please me. She has had a very nice tea to-night; I told you I broke the saucer, but that was all my own clumsiness."

"And what has she got there? Oh God! I can't stand it; it is too melancholy."

Black Wena, when it was dark that evening, and Clayton must have done dinner, had stolen away to his dressing-room, and fetched, as she had been taught to do, his smoking-jacket and slippers. It took her a long time to

carry the jacket, for fear it should be wet for him. Then she came with a very important air, and put them down upon his grave, and wagged her tail for approval. She was lying there now, and wondering how much longer till he would be ready.

Craddock sobbed hysterically, and Amy led him softly away to the place where his travelling-bag was.

"Now, wait here one moment, my poor dear, and I will bring you your future companion."

Presently Amy came back, with Wena following the coat and the slippers. "Darling Craddock, take her with you. She is so true and faithful. She will die if she is left here. And she will be such a comfort to you. Take her, Craddock, for my sake."

The last entreaty settled it. Craddock took the coat and slippers, and carried Wena a little way, while she looked back wistfully at the churchyard, and Amy coaxed and patted her. They agreed on the road that Amy Rosedew should call upon Miss Garnet to restore the bracelet, and should mark how she received it; for Amy had now a strong suspicion (especially after what Craddock had seen, which now became intelligible) that Pearl knew more of poor Clayton's death than had been confessed to any one.

"My own Craddock, only think," said Amy; "I have felt the strongest conviction, throughout, that you had nothing to do with it."

"Sweetest one," he replied, with a desperate longing to clasp her, but for Wena and the carpet-bag, "that is only because you love me. Never say it again, dear; suspense, or even doubt about it, would kill me like slow poison."

Amy shuddered at his tone, and thought how different men were: for a woman would live on the hope of it. But she remembered those words when the question arose, and rejoiced that he knew not the whole of it.

And now with the great drops in her eyes, she stood at her father's gate, to say good-bye to her love. She would

not let him know that she cried ; but Wena was welcome to know it, and Wena licked some tears off, and then quite felt for Amy.

"Good-bye, my own, my only," said Cradock, for the twentieth time ; even the latch of the gate was trembling ; "God loves us, after all, Amy. Or, at any rate, He loves you."

"And you, and you. Oh, Cradock ! if He loves one, He must love both of us."

"I believe He does," said Cradock ; "since I have seen you I am sure of it. Now I care not for the world, except my world in you."

"Dearest darling, life of my life, promise me not to fret again."

"Fret, indeed, with you to love me ! Give me just one more."

Cradock, with a braver heart than he ever thought to own again (and yet with a hole and a string in it, for, after all, he did not own it), being begged away at last by the one who then went down on her knees, only to beg him back again,—that hapless yet most blessed fellow strode away as hard as he could, for fear of running back again ; and the dusky trees closed round him, and he knew and loved every one of them. Then the latch of the gate for the last time clicked, when he was out of sight, and the laurustinus by the pier, beginning to bud for the winter, glistened in the moonlight with a silent storm of tears.

To be continued.

A NEGLECTED ART.

We are told at the present day by prudent, experienced persons that, unless a young man can begin the world where his father left off as to income, it is mere folly for him to think of marriage : in a word, that "Home" has become too costly an institution to be maintained except by those who have reached the top of the hill. Thus, seeing that, spite of all improvements, we are yet a long way from discovering any honest means by which everybody may grow rich in a hurry, we must accustom ourselves to look upon the Temple of Hymen as a sort of Asylum for the aged, whither venerable bridegrooms will lead young brides ; and when, in the natural course of things, after a few years they sink into the grave, the young widows and the nurseries full of babies will be left to shift for themselves as best they may ; unless, indeed, marriage and babies go out of fashion altogether, except in those uppermost and lowermost strata of society where there is nothing to fear and nothing to hope pecuniarily.

It is, then, a question of grave importance whether these prudent people are right after all ; right, that is, not merely in recognising a present fact, but in complacently accepting that fact as an inseparable accompaniment of social development, instead of deprecating it as a transitory blunder, or failure of society wisely and skilfully to adjust its ways to that inevitable development. And it is a question that must practically be solved by women mainly, for they are the administrators of domestic expenditure. It is because their mode of regulating this, their habits of life, will not square with a small, though what but a few generations back was thought a competent, income, that the spur is so incessantly in the sides of the poor hack who keeps the family machine going. No wonder he too often breaks down in health, pocket, or conscience, and becomes an object of mingled pity and contempt to his unencumbered affluent bachelor brethren, who jeeringly suggest to him that he should "bring up his daughters as housemaids." Poor

man! times have changed since he who reared in health, virtue, and intelligence a family of children was held in honour as a valuable member of the state. He is simply a shortsighted blockhead who has flung away his own ease and comfort to no purpose by taking on his shoulders the heavy burthen of family cares.

Happily, the human heart is often wiser than the human head, and leads us right in spite of foolish theories and foolish ambitions which buzz about the ears and perplex the brain. And so there is still a majority who adventure to climb the hill with another hand in theirs, rather than to make an easy unencumbered ascent alone. Why the ascent should be so arduous an one, and whether it need be so, are matters well worth discussion, even though they may lead us into some homely practical details.

A hundred years ago the income we now regard as constituting genteel poverty,—that income which during the first ten or fifteen years of a man's career is all he can hope to realize in England, whether by the professions, the civil service, or literature, and which the majority never get beyond,—was no poverty at all, genteel or ungenteel, but a competence; and what is now mere competence was wealth. If the material progress of the time has enlarged the circle of men's wants it has also abundantly cheapened the supply of them: therefore on this score a balance with the past may be pretty evenly struck. The breaking down of class distinctions, and growing infatuation of each grade in vying with the grade immediately above it, is a more active cause of the embarrassment. This, however, is an old-fashioned folly as well as a new, and, it is to be feared, an ineradicable one. But there is a remnant more or less free from its base influence. And the worst peculiarity of our present case is, that this *inadequacy of ordinarily attainable means to the scale of ordinary wants* presses heavily even upon these: upon people who desire nothing less reasonable than a domestic

interior of quiet comfort and refinement as far removed from luxury and ostentation on the one hand as from sordid shifts and mean cares on the other. And here it is, if anywhere, that a remedy can be applied, a reform begin.

Successive generations seem as prone to run into contrary extremes as individual men and women during successive periods of life. Speaking generally, our excellent but illiterate grandmothers (all but a very small professedly intellectual and literary class, or rather clique) absorbed their whole time and thoughts in domestic affairs. Great in the culinary art, achieving miracles of patient labour with the needle, lynx-eyed in supervision of her servants, the lady of the old school thoroughly understood and thoroughly carried out the business of providing for the material wants of her husband. But then no doubt she tormented him not a little with her fussiness in small, and impracticableness in great matters; for these are the almost inevitable characteristics of a mind which dwells exclusively in a narrow sphere. Certainly, her want of education and of its resultant widening of sympathies and interests must have made her, when the vivacity and charm of youth and beauty were gone, but a tedious companion of his leisure hours, and were thus indirectly answerable for the unexemplary manner in which he too often spent them away from her, as depicted in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation." If we add that she physicked her children and scolded her servants somewhat superabundantly, we shall have faithfully enumerated the foibles and limitations, though we have done scant justice to the useful acquirements, the homely but inestimable virtues, of these ancient gentlewomen.

The woman of the present day seeks a larger life, and would fain be not only the best of wives but also the dearest of friends to her husband. She cannot return to mental stagnation. Having lifted up her head and opened her eyes upon a wider, fairer horizon, she can never again be content to keep them bent down and fixed exclusively upon

the narrow field of domestic economies. But then there are certain inexorable facts which will not suffer us human creatures to shape our lives wholly according to our own theory of what is best and most beautiful. And one of these inexorable facts is that, as but an insignificant fraction of mankind is born with a golden, or even a silver, spoon in its mouth, the great remainder must all, —even those upon whom Providence has laid also a high vocation, —fulfil with toil and struggle the lower one of bread-earning. Hence it is but right and fair that those who are the sharers of these earnings should, whatever else they have to achieve in fulfilment of the higher demands of their nature, at least not fail to master the art of how to make the best and the most of these toil-won earnings. This, surely, is bare justice; and it is mainly because women have quite lost the secret of this indispensable art that we witness, at the present day, the singular and unhappy phenomenon of a sort of snarling antagonism between those who were created for mutual help and comfort, the one sex tacitly saying, "A wife is too costly an incumbrance; I can get on better without her:" the other, bridding up in pardonable pride and resentment, and rejoining, "Marriage is not the sole, or necessarily the highest lot for a woman; we have faculties like yours, and can provide for ourselves, and live a life worth living alone, if you do not unjustly shut us out from the business of the world." True it is, this independence on the one side, this resentment on the other, quickly vanish under the beams of Love. But then, too often, the sequel is such as almost justifies the croakers and sneerers, and the pair have to wade for long years through the mire of pecuniary difficulties. Yet a little sense, a little effort on the wife's part would triumphantly refute the prophets of evil, and enable her husband to reap the just fruit of his labours in a tranquil, well-ordered home.

But this is just the point at issue. Can sense and effort accomplish this important end? I suppose none in their senses would advocate or imagine pos-

sible a return to that engrossment in household duties which preceded the present complacent and entire ignoring of them. We might as well be asked to return to the habits and costume of the ancient British women at once. But whether, education having got us into the difficulty, it might not get us out of it again; whether, with the advantage of being able to see round and over these duties, we might not, instead of altogether overlooking, deal with them in a lighter and more masterly way, subordinating them within due limits; whether, finally, helplessness is inseparable from refinement, bodily indolence from mental culture; —these are questions which to answer truly and convincingly would be a thing worth the doing.

The basis of success in all occupations which involve the relations of employer and employed is, that the employer should have an accurate knowledge of the work to be done, what it consists in, how to do it, and how long it should take. A man of business who neglects this places his interests entirely in the keeping of irresponsible agents, and, human nature being what it is, arrives in due time at insolvency. This is why the self-made man, the man who has been sternly initiated into the whole mystery by having himself stood in the ranks of the employed, outstrips those who seem to start so fair from the vantage-ground of education and capital, and builds a fortune where these kick one down. And the mistress of a household who neither understands what a servant's duties are (except, perhaps, that those which, affecting her immediate comfort, force themselves upon her notice), still less how and when they may be best fulfilled, will certainly not get them fulfilled in the best manner, or by the smallest number of hands, and hence will manage, or rather mismanage, her income in a wasteful, ineffectual manner. This is a certain, inevitable result. If you put water into a leaky vessel, a little and a little oozes away, and by the morning it is all gone, though there was but a hair's-breadth crack. And, if you put the control of your ex-

penditure into hands which are neither very capable nor very conscientious, your purse will empty itself surprisingly fast. That on the present system the entire control of domestic expenditure is virtually in the hands of servants no candid person can deny. Your yearly bills are—what your cook pleases, cheerfully assisted as she is by her fellow-servants in swelling them out to the handsomest dimensions. The number of servants you keep cannot even be said to be a matter of your own choosing; for, if you want those that lay claim to any degree of efficiency, you must take such a staff as they themselves prescribe. And all this because the word *Mistress* no longer means one who governs, but merely one who pays—because, as a great man has told us, we have invented the theory that our horse goes best with the reins upon his neck, and when we find that he entangles his feet in them, or gallops at a madcap pace, are indignant at the unaccountable result! But by what dexterous feat, then, might we snatch the reins again? Of the two only ways of governing—by superior knowledge, or by superior strength—happily the former alone (which in the long run, however, overtakes and swallows up the latter, though at the outset they often diverge) is open to us.

The perfect ease with which a servant can find a new situation if she have any grievance, real or fancied, in her old one has, among several disadvantages, this serious advantage—that there is no possibility of a too harsh or arbitrary resumption of authority, but only of that mild rule which is emphatically “twice blessed;” for it mainly consists in clearing away all hindrance and obscurity from the right path in which, with vigilant eye and firm hand to guide those beneath its sway. Of course the kind of superior knowledge needed in this case is not to be attained by sitting with folded hands meditating about it.

Of the two parts into which Domestic Management naturally divides itself, the culinary is by far the more important for a mistress practically to acquaint herself with, desirable as is a thorough

insight into *every* branch of household work; for it is in this culinary department that the worst and most uncontrollable leakage in the expenditure takes place. Good cookery is so essential to health and comfort, yet so ill understood generally, that a servant who is but moderately proficient in the art rules her master's house with a rod of iron. Whatever price she puts on her skill, not directly in wages indeed, but indirectly in perquisites, in waste, in self-indulgence, in dishonest understandings with the tradesmen, so notorious, yet so hard to prove, must be paid. Dismiss her, and the chances are you exchange for the worse, and get the moral shortcomings without the skill. For servant-nature would be altogether above human nature, if it were otherwise under circumstances of such temptation and such impunity. Add to this, that, in nine cases out of ten, the bringing-up of these servants has been in the lap of grim Poverty (if that narrow, bony ledge may be called a lap), which, so far from engendering frugality, makes mere lavishness and waste seem, by force of bitter contrast, delightful for their own sakes. The first requisite for learning how to manage money well is that one should have some to manage; which can never be said to be the case with those who live from hand to mouth. Besides, supposing the *genus* Cook was peculiarly exempt from human infirmity, and prepared to take more care of your affairs than you are yourself, and miraculously to combine in one the directive and executive functions;—supposing this, the culinary art demands an amount of nicety and tact not commonly to be met with among those who have been so roughly and poorly brought up. Good cookery is far more difficult to achieve than bad pianoforte-playing, or even than school-girl drawing, or the most elaborate embroidery. And there are certain characteristics of the uneducated female mind specially adverse to steady, uniform success:—a contempt for the use of weights and measures, for instance, founded on the notion that guessing is a far quicker and cleverer way; a want of nicety

of observation, of method, of ingenuity in tracing the relations of cause and effect, resulting in an obstinate conviction that when the pudding turns out a failure it is purely a stroke of destiny. Hence, if moderately successful sometimes, there is always hanging over your head the chance of an "unlucky" day should you invite a few friends to dinner. But the question of complete success includes, not merely how the thing is done, but at what cost. Now, as to the present race of servants, we all know that their view of the case is, the more it costs the better—above all, the genteeler—it is. Why, then, waste time and pains on the mean art of thrifty management for no other end than to rob "Master" of his chief prerogative as a gentleman—that of being regardless of expense.

I feel conscious of a storm of indignation gathering in the breasts of those fair readers who have honoured me thus far with their attention. "What! to cook 'our own dinners! To spend half our 'time in the kitchen getting red faces, 'coarse hands and sour tempers? To run 'about after our servants like an old-fashioned farmer's wife; and all to 'screw down expenditure a hundred or 'two a year? Existence itself, much 'less marriage, were it with an arch-angel, is not worth having on such 'terms!" Certainly not. But twelve years' experience emboldens me to assert that the price to be paid for a practical insight into these things is not so heavy, nay, is not heavy at all, and that the knowledge is worth having even for its own sake. As to the sacrifice of time and complexion, it must be borne in mind that, speaking generally, the part of cookery which chiefly demands skill and gives scope to clever management is not the tedious and fatiguing one of actually dressing the viands upon the fire, but the preparations of them for this final process. Not that the importance of the latter is to be underrated, still less the possibilities and probabilities of its being set about in the wrong way instead of the right. "Do you never have to cook anything

at home?" said an exasperated lady to her young servant. "O yes, mum." "Well, then, surely you know how long potatoes should be boiled?" "Why, we 'puts them in when we thinks of it, 'mum, and we takes them out when we 'wants them," was the naïve reply. Still there are certain simple rules which (though it may be worth while to go through, once for all, a week or two's rough experience to obtain a clear insight into them) will, duly explained and enforced, enable a servant of the most ordinary capacity to acquit herself satisfactorily in this department; leaving to her mistress only the lighter, though more difficult preliminary one, which is not extraordinarily fatiguing. Happily, too, it is the very reverse of needlework in this important respect: that, whereas the needle consumes an enormous amount of time in proportion to the result, and demands as good as no brains, these culinary achievements, on the other hand, take only a moderate portion of time, but *do* require head. A couple of hours a day on an average, say, never more, often less, will accomplish all that is ordinarily necessary. And let us sum up once more the advantages which would accrue from this small investment of industry and self-denial if, at the worst, it prove self-denial. The kitchen is the heart of the kingdom, the true seat of government in domestic economies; who rules there, rules supreme. A visit of ceremony for a few moments at a stated hour in the morning can confer no authority whatever. Neither on the other hand is it necessary to be meddling and muddling there perpetually, or to do anything contrary to the instincts of a lady in the way of espionage. It is simply this, that by being actually busied in the kitchen a short time daily, by taking into her own hands the management and execution of those arrangements which require the skill and involve the entire control of the housekeeping expenditure, a mistress effectually breaks the rod of power in her cook's hands, and can sweep away at once the "perquisite" system, the

waste, and the dishonest understandings with the tradesmen; because she is in a position to know within a little what is really and honestly needed and consumed, and to give her own orders.

Economy, however, is not the sole benefit to follow. There is an old, but not yet superannuated maxim—if you want a thing well done, do it yourself. The tangible results upon the dinner-table would be no less satisfactory than the reduced cost of their production. Nor is this a matter of slight importance. The best nourished body is, other things being equal, the most capable of sustaining mental work and resisting disease. Bad cookery is slow poison to those who work hard. To set before a man who returns exhausted in mind and body from his day's work, a messy, unappetizing dinner is, if it occur exceptionally, to spoil his temper, or, if that be unspoilable, his comfort for the evening. But, if it occur habitually, it is to knock ten or a dozen years off his lease of life. Then, too, it is no small satisfaction to be able, if hospitably inclined, to insure your friends a dinner which, if modest in its pretensions, is thoroughly excellent; not a specious display, such as a second or third rate "professed" cook, or the neighbouring confectioner, would set before them; everything looking like what it isn't and tasting of nothing in particular. Not to mention that there is a double zest in witnessing the comfort and enjoyment of your guests, with the consciousness that some time and pains on your part have contributed to the result.

The chief practical difficulty, as everybody will readily anticipate, arises from the unanimous and resolute manner in which the existing race of servants would set their faces against the unwelcome innovation. It must be confessed that a young mistress who should make her appearance one morning for the first time in the kitchen, prepared for business in real earnest (with white apron and tucked-up sleeves—not by any means an unbecoming costume, by the way) would be greeted by her cook, as soon as indignation and astonishment

subsided to the point of recovering voice, with the request to "suit herself by that day month." "Well, then," the young mistress must be prepared to reply mentally, "I *will* suit myself with one who if without your small qualifications is also without your gigantic *dis*qualifications for a faithful, efficient servant." And, to accomplish this, she must be prepared to take in hand the raw material,—the young girl, who, if she have not much to *un*learn, has almost everything to learn. She must expect for a time to go through some disagreeable and even arduous experiences. For, if her cook knew little, she probably knows less. But courage! A few failures will soon teach success, since these matters really do not transcend the ordinary range of human intellect, when they are investigated with a will. And there is no better apprenticeship for an inexperienced mistress, than that of having a thoroughly incompetent servant. It is something towards understanding how things ought to be when you are made painfully sensible of how they ought not to be. Besides, it saves the awkwardness of the less experienced having to direct the more experienced, and the risk of giving occasion by unsuccessful experiments to unseemly triumph on the part of those you seek to teach. It is not without its compensations as well as its drawbacks, this having to train young servants, provided they are taken from a humble situation, not from a subordinate place in some great establishment. The material is plastic then; open to good influences; the human not yet entirely swallowed up in the servant nature. And that is saying a great deal. For the specific set of circumstances which form the servant class into what it is, which give to it its distinctive and most unadmirable peculiarities, are,—to our shame be it spoken, who have had the chief shaping of these circumstances,—unwholesome and deteriorating. Servants are what their employers have made them. We take them from dense ignorance and poverty to place them in the midst of comparative luxury, without guidance and control, asking, in return for high pay and un-

limited means of self-indulgence, to be spared all trouble ourselves, all-consciousness of the life below stairs, save so far as it ministers to our comfort, as much as possible after the fashion of the hands in the Palace of the White Cat. But human nature does not work well on this plan. With every safeguard from harm, every stimulus to good, it has a knack of going wrong, of falling short of the mark. How, then, if instead of safeguards we substitute impunity; instead of stimulus to good, boundless opportunities for evil? We do but reap the natural and inevitable fruit when we find ourselves groaning under the tyranny of a race who dwell in our homes like a hostile tribe, preying ruthlessly on our resources, yielding in return a grudging eye-service; submitting where they must without respect or esteem, evading where they can; and finally quitting us without regret if the chance of a richer or more facile prey offer. But once let a mistress enter actively within their sphere; let there be, so to speak, a human relation established between them, and she will find it quite possible, by the sole magic of her influence and example, to subdue the hostile into a faithful, loyal, serviceable race. For happily there is nothing surer in this world than that excellence generates excellence, in whatever sphere it works. The proverb, "Like mistress like maid," has a double truth. If a negligent mistress makes a negligent servant, a painstaking, considerate one will not fail to be rewarded with a development of corresponding qualities in those she employs; always supposing she has had the judgment or the good fortune to choose fair average specimens of humanity, not the exceptionally untoward. Only it is clear that she must "stoop to conquer." Her influence, and that still more efficacious thing, her example, cannot reach her servants, but by bringing them to bear on matters which come home to their business and bosom. You may be a sublime instance of perfection in the drawing-room, and they not so much as discover the fact, far less be operated upon by it, if you

are always over their heads, morally and intellectually as well as physically. But, if you carry with you method, skill, and management, thoroughness, patience and ingenuity in coping with small difficulties, perfect fairness and kindness into those very concerns in which you demand the like qualities from them,—they could then understand, respect, and imitate you; all the more so because they would themselves reap large benefit from such a course on your part.

Of course, commonplace people will not be the first to undertake so bold a reform. It is *their* business in life to discover difficulties and invent obstructions; not to conquer, demolish, or circumvent the same. Neither is it reasonable to expect that those whose means are sufficiently easy to prevent any serious pecuniary inconvenience resulting from a lax system of management, should be among the first to put their shoulders to the wheel in removing evils of which they are but partially conscious. Though, probably, when a few of those energetic spirits to whom difficulties and impossibilities ("ce bête de mot") are but the stimulus to successful exertion, have smoothed the way and proved the feasibility and advantageousness of their course, a continually increasing number will follow them: the right and natural thing being that all whose wealth is not sufficient to enable them to have a housekeeper—a person, that is, superior in station and training to a servant—to be the responsible head of the establishment, should really and practically, instead of nominally, fill that office for themselves.

Meanwhile, for those whose footsteps are dogged by petty cares, who find that the money goes they know not how, yet brings them in a poor return of comfort, while at each year's end a deficit has to be faced, small in itself, perhaps, but which soon shows a snowball-like propensity for rolling up into unmanageable dimensions, here is a remedy wholly in a woman's own hands if they be but animated by a willing heart. And at the cost of what? Not of her habits and claims as a gentlewoman; for these

must be of a superficial, weakly kind indeed, if an hour or two daily of practical usefulness can prove detrimental to them. On the contrary, the substitution of a real for a merely nominal authority over her household, and the sense of adequacy—of the power of doing successfully what lies before her to be done—tend naturally to impress a simple dignity on the character and bearing, beside which the supercilious fine-ladyism, much cultivated at the present day, shows paltry enough. Not of her intellectual tastes and accomplishments; for a better prelude to exercising these with vigour and enjoyment could not be conceived than the bodily activity and the development of common sense involved in an efficient discharge of domestic duties. Health, cheerfulness, patience, wisdom, come of very homely operations. As to the time consumed, it will in the end be found a gain rather than a loss. For one hour with zest is worth half-a-dozen burthened with the consciousness of an affluence of leisure. Those who are not compelled to *make time* for their favourite pursuits, end by using them to kill time, which, like other good gifts, seems precious exactly in proportion to the difficulty of securing it. To a woman who has no special pursuits or mental activities, here is at least one occupation which will redeem her life from the charge of entire triviality and uselessness.

There are not a few to whom still graver and dearer interests are staked upon this question of whether or no it

be possible to make small means a success; to compass with them, that is, a home in which a man may live his best life, and find, not a fresh source of harass and difficulty to add to business cares, but a safe refuge from these. If this can be so, if it lies within a woman's power to realize so fair a result with the ordinary earnings of the first half of a professional or business career, then indeed has she an indefeasible right to marry a man for what he is, and not for what he has, and may prudently set at defiance the counsels of the prudent. For she is not rushing blindfold into an enterprise of which she has not counted and cannot meet the cost, and will not be a helpless burthen to drag her husband down into social defeat, while he has to swim against the tide. She may safely rely on her own right hand and stout heart to help in meeting the one, in breasting the other. It is but to do again what was done long ago; adding, indeed, a more beautiful superstructure upon that old, solid basis, as her present culture and standing-point so readily admit and demand. "*He who would be more than others must do more.*" There is the whole secret of success. Fortune cannot baffle ambition that has so sound a foothold. And in these days, when there is much eagerness to obtain as wide a scope as possible for the energies and talents of women, there certainly could not be a better starting-point than to begin by carrying a masculine efficiency and thoroughness into the regulation of this their special and inalienable domain.

EYRE, THE SOUTH-AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

THE colony of South Australia, now the largest of the five colonies, was, about the year 1841, practically the smallest. The area available, either for cultivation or pasturage, seemed at that time to be extremely limited. North-

ward of the colony lay, or seemed to lie, the hideous, hopeless basin of Lake Torrens—a land of salt mud and shifting sand, from the description of Sturt and Eyre, in which human life was impossible, and the external aspects of

which were so horrible that the eye wearied with looking on them, and the sickened soul soon brooded itself into madness. North-westward nothing had as yet been discovered but grassless deserts, while westward no human foot had penetrated beyond Eyre's peninsula. But the coast line to the west, between Port Lincoln, in South Australia, and King George's Sound, in West Australia, a distance of thirteen hundred miles, had been surveyed by Flinders from the sea, and pronounced by him to be what it is.

That main part of the South Australian coast called the Australian Bight is a hideous anomaly, a blot on the face of nature, the sort of place one gets into in bad dreams. For seven hundred miles there is no harbour fit to shelter a mere boat from the furious south wind, which rushes up from the Antarctic ice to supply the vacuum caused by the burning, heated, waterless continent. But there is worse than this. For *eleven hundred miles* no rill of water, no, not the thickness of a baby's little finger, trickles over the cruel cliffs into the sailless, deserted sea. I cast my eye over the map of the world, and see that it is without parallel anywhere. A land which seems to have been formed not by the 'prentice hand of nature, but by nature in her dotage. A work badly conceived at first, and left crude and unfinished by the death of the artist. Old thoughts, old conceptions which produced good work, and made the earth glad cycles ago, attempted again with a failing hand. Conceive digging through a three-foot crust of pleiocene formation, filled with crude, almost imbecile, forms of the lowest animal life, millions of ages later than *Eozoon Canadense*, yet hardly higher; and then finding shifting sea-sand below! Horrible, most horrible!

This, the most awful part of the earth's crust, a thousand miles in length, has been crossed once, and once only. Not by a well-appointed expedition with camels, with horse-drays, preserved meats, and a fiddler; but by a solitary man on foot. A man irritated by disappointment; nigh worn-out by six

months' dread battle with nature in her cruelest form: a man who, having been commissioned to do something in the way of exploration, would not return home without results: a man in whose path lurked murder, foul, treacherous, unexpected—the murder of a well-tried friend. To such a man has hitherto been reserved the task of walking a thousand miles round the Australian Bight. Was there ever such a walk yet? I have never heard of such another.

Of this Mr. Eyre, who made this unparalleled journey, I know but little, save this:—He knew more about the aboriginal tribes, their habits, language, and so on, than any man before or since. He was appointed Black Protector for the Lower Murray, and did his work well. He seems to have been (*teste* Charles Sturt, from whom there is no appeal) a man eminently kind, generous, and just. No man concealed less than Eyre the vices of the natives, but no man stood more stedfastly in the breach between them and the squatters (the great pastoral aristocracy) at a time when to do so was social ostracism. The almost unexampled valour which led him safely through the hideous desert into which we have to follow him, served him well in a fight more wearing and more dangerous to his rules of right and wrong. He pleaded for the black, and tried to stop the war of extermination which was, is, and I suppose will be, carried on by the colonists against the natives in the unsettled districts beyond reach of the public eye. His task was hopeless. It was easier for him to find water in the desert than to find mercy for the savages. Honour to him for attempting it, however.

It is interesting to remember also, that this band of country of which we have been speaking practically divides the penal settlement of Western Australia from the civilized republics of the eastern coast, and must be crossed by any convict who should make his escape. The terror of the colonists which showed itself in such extreme

irritation the other day, when it was proposed to send more criminals to Perth, was not without foundation, however. There is very little doubt that a practicable route exists from the east to the west, in the centre of the continent, about a thousand miles to the north of the southern coast—probably, I have thought for a long time, by the Valley of the Murchison.

It was originally proposed to send out an expedition under the command of Mr. Eyre, to cross the bight to the westward; but his opinion was that although a light party might force their way, yet their success would be in the main useless, as it would be impossible ever to follow with stock in consequence of the badness of the country, and thus the main object of the expedition would be missed, and the expense incurred without adequate commercial results. The committee, therefore, yielding to his representations, commissioned him to go north, and attempt to explore the interior.

In this he was unsuccessful. Four hundred miles to the north of Adelaide he got into the miserable country, known then as the basin of Lake Torrens—now known as Lakes Gregory, Torrens, and Blanche—a flat depressed region of the interior, not far from equal to the basin of Lake Superior, of alternate mud, brackish water, and sand; after very wet seasons probably quite covered with water, but in more moderate ones intersected with bands of dry land varying in size. It is certain that in 1841 Eyre found a ring of water round him five hundred miles in extent, and that in 1860 MacKinlay crossed it, finding nothing but a desert fifty miles broad, without water visible on either hand,—came immediately into good country abounding with water, and crossed the continent from south to north.

Such an achievement was not for Eyre. To MacKinlay and others was left the task of showing the capabilities of Australia: to Eyre that of showing her deficiencies. Beaten back from the north at all points, he determined to follow out the first plan of the expe-

dition, and try the coast-line westward. He forced his way out of this horrid barren region, bounded (if the reader will kindly look at his Keith Johnston, plate 19, enlarged plate of Australia in the corner, or at any available map of Australia) by Lakes Torrens, Gregory, and Blanche—crossing the quasi-embouchure of Lake Torrens into the sea, and crossing that great peninsula which now bears his name, "Eyria;" and, after various difficulties and aggravations, he formed a depot of his party at Streaky Bay, just a thousand miles on the eastern or wrong side of King George's Sound, the object of his journey.

Here weary months were past, in desperate fruitless efforts to find a better country to the westward or northward. No water was to be had except by digging, and that was generally brackish, sometimes salt. The country was treeless and desolate, of limestone and sand, the great oolite cliffs, which wall the ocean for so many hundred miles, just beginning to rise towards the surface. The heat was so fearful that, on one of the expeditions which Mr. Eyre made westward, a strong courageous man lay down, as uneducated men will do when things get to a certain stage of desperation. But Eyre got him up again, and got him down to the shore, where they found the shadow of a great rock in that weary land, and saved themselves by bathing the whole afternoon. This was the sort of country they had to contend with.

Eyre succeeded in rounding the head of the bight by taking a dray full of water with him, making a distance of 138 miles. The country, however, did not improve, and after seven months, he was back at his depot at Fowler's Bay (lat. 32° S. long. 132° E.) with no better results than these.

The expedition had hitherto consisted of Mr. Eyre, Mr. Scott, Mr. Eyre's overseer, two Englishmen, a corporal of engineers, and two natives. Moreover, a small ship had been at its command, and had more than once communicated with Adelaide. It had been Mr. Eyre's later plan to take part of his party over-

land, and keep this vessel to co-operate with him; but the answer from Adelaide was inexorable, though polite: the vessel must not leave the limits of the colony—must not, that is to say, go further west than long. 130° E; no further, indeed, than Eyre had been himself. This was a great disappointment and perplexity. What to do?—But home save by one route—never! After very little cogitation he came to the following desperate resolution,—to dismiss the whole of the expedition except one man, and with three natives to face the thing out himself.

Taking his young companion, Mr. Scott, to walk with him upon the shore, he unfolded his plan to him, and gently but firmly dismissed him. Scott pleaded hard to share the danger, but Eyre was immovable. He had selected another, a trusty, tried servant and comrade for years past, the man hitherto mentioned as his overseer.

This man Mr. Eyre took on one side, and spoke to most earnestly. He pointed the almost hopelessness of their task—the horror of the country before them, the perils of thirst, the perils of savages, the awful distance, nine hundred miles. Then he told him that he was free to return to Adelaide and civilization, and leave him alone; and then he asked him, Would he go now? And the answer was, "Yes, by heaven, to the very end!"

His name is worth recording—John Baxter. A good sound, solid English name. The man himself, too, seems to have been nobly worthy of his name, and to have possessed no small portion of the patient and steadfast temper of his great Shropshire namesake.

Baxter remaining firm, his plan required no more maturing. Although the Adelaide Government had refused to allow the schooner to co-operate with him, they had generously sent him everything else he had asked. With a view to his westward journey, he had asked them to send him large quantities of bran and oats, to put his horses—in sad, low condition in this almost grassless desert—into such strength as would

enable them to start with some wild hope of success. They had done so, and now Eyre, dismissing all his companions except Baxter and three natives, determined to remain encamped where he was, until the bran and oats were consumed, and then set out.

So in camp he remained for six weeks, his horses improving day by day. Baxter, the self-devoted hero, was a somewhat diligent and unromantic hero, and all this time worked like a galley-slave. A strange fellow this quiet Baxter. He could make shoes among other things, could shoe the horses, make pack-saddles, do a hundred and fifty things; all of which he did with steady, quiet diligence this lonely six weeks, as if a little voice was ever singing in his ear, "The night cometh in which no man can work." I confess that I should have liked to know that man Baxter, but that is impossible; one can only say that once there was a very noble person whom men called so, and that not ten educated persons living ever heard of his name.

The six weeks passed; the horses and men got into good condition, as well fit for their hopeless journey as horses and men were ever likely to be. It became time to start, and they prepared to start; and here occurs one of those curious coincidences of time which do not startle us in a novel like "*Aurora Floyd*," because we know that the author has command of time and space, and uses them with ability for our amusement, but which do startle us, and become highly dramatic, when we find them in a commonplace journal, like that of Eyre. Eyre and Baxter were engaged in burying such stores as they could not take with them, when they heard a shot from the bay. Thinking some whalers had come in, they hurriedly concealed their work, and went towards the shore. It was no whaler. It was their own cutter, the *Hero*, which had been to Adelaide, and had returned. The two men they met on the shore were the captain of the *Hero* and young Scott, who brought a message, and innumerable letters.

The message verbally delivered, nay,

enforced by Scott, and the gist of the innumerable letters, was all the same. "You have failed in your plans of invading our hopeless interior country. So did Sturt and others. But don't take it to heart. Come back to us. You have done and suffered enough to make the colony love and respect you. Come back to us, and we will give you a welcome, with three times three. But for God's sake give up this hopeless suicidal solitary expedition to the West. You yourself first pointed out the hopelessness of such an expedition, and we see from your reports how utterly hopeless it is; you were right. Come back, and make a fresh start. Don't in your noble obstinacy commit suicide."

Not a word said, if you will please to remark it (though *he* does not, never thought of it), of sending the cutter along the shore to co-operate with him. Rather singular, and rather, I think, disgraceful. "My dear fellow," said the Irish gentleman, "I'd share my last meal with you. If I had only a potato left, I'd give you the skin."

The answer to these letters was quietly, and possibly foolishly, decisive. "The money raised for this expedition was raised for exploring the West coast. I diverted these funds, and persuaded the committee to let me undertake a Northern expedition. I have failed in that. I decline to return home without result, and so—and so—will go westward, thank you, to such fate as God shall send. Will not at all events return an unsuccessful man; will leave my bones in the desert sooner than that. And so good-bye, young Scott; Baxter and I will pull through it somehow—or won't. Love to Adelaide friends, and many thanks for kind wishes (not a word about the twopenny-halfpenny business of refusing him the ship), and so we will start if you please. As for going home again, save by King George's Sound, once for all, No."

A most obstinate and wrongheaded man. Baxter it seems equally wrongheaded. Scott went back with his message, and Eyre and Baxter started, with three savages, on their journey.

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One of these savages requires notice from us; his name was Wylie. A frizzly-haired, slab-sided, grinning, good-natured young rascal; with infinite powers of giggling on a full belly, and plaintively weeping on an empty one—at least so I should guess. But without some feeling of a faithful doglike devotion in the darkened soul of him, as events proved—something more in the inside of the man than any marmoset or other monkey ever had got, or ever would get after any number of cycles, one cannot help thinking. This fellow Wylie was a *man* after all; as were, indeed, the other two natives, though bad enough specimens of the genus.

Having now brought my reader on to the real starting point of the great adventure, we may as well sum up the forces, by which this campaign against nature, in her very worst mood, was to be accomplished. The party which accompanied Mr. Eyre when he took a final farewell of Mr. Scott, on the morning of the 25th of February, 1841, consisted of—John Baxter, the useful hero; the black boy, Wylie, before spoken of; two other black boys; nine horses; a Timor pony (a small kind of fiend or devil, who has been allowed, for purposes, to assume the form of a diminutive horse, and in comparison with which Cruiser, or Mr. Gurney's grey colt, would show like Cotswold lambs who have joined the Band of Hope); a foal (the best part of one of your high-bred weedy Australian colts is a certain cut out of the flank; if you are lucky enough to happen upon a Clydesdale foal, try a steak out of the shoulder (but this is mere cannibalism); and six sheep—merinos (ten pounds to the quarter, at the outside). Along the shore Eyre had, in a previous expedition, buried flour enough to last the party, at the rate of six pounds a week, for nine weeks. With this army, and with these resources, Eyre formed a flying column, cut himself off from his base of operations, and entered on a march of eight hundred and fifty miles through a hopelessly hostile country. Hostile, not so much because the natives

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he might meet on his march outnumbered him as fifty to one, but because Nature herself was in her cruel thirsty sleep of summer, and was saying to him, in every high floating yellow cloud which passed over his head southward, "Fool, desist; I am not to be troubled yet." Murder too was looking at him out of two pairs of shifting eyes; but he did not see her, and went on.

On the 26th of February, 1841, they made a place called by the few scattered natives Yeercumban Kowee, the furthest point they had hitherto reached in any of their excursions from the camp. It is so much less abominable than the country around that the natives have thought it worthy of a name. It is in fact a few hills of driving sand, where, by digging, one may obtain water; but, for all that, the best place in seven hundred miles of coast. It is the sort of place in which an untravelled reader would suppose a man would lie down and die in despair, merely from finding himself there: would suppose so until he found out how very little man can live with, and how very, very dear life gets in great solitude. Or, to correct myself once more, how very, very strong in such situations becomes the desire of seeing a loved face again; or, failing that, of seeing a face which will connect one, however distantly, with the civilization which is so far off, with the face of a man who will at all events tell those for whose applause we strive how we strove and how we died.

Here the terrible part of his adventure begins. From this he was 128 miles without water, toiling over the summit of those great unbroken cliffs which form the southern buttress of Australia. I must say half-a-dozen words about these cliffs, once and for all.

These cliffs make two great stretches; first from the 131st to the 129th parallel, east of Greenwich, 120 miles, and then again from the east of the 126th parallel to east of the 124th, a distance of 120 miles more. They range from 300 to 600 feet high—the height, let us say, of the ghastly chalk wall at Alum Bay, or the cliffs between Folkestone and Dover

—and are unbroken almost by a single ravine leading to the sea; and, where such ravines do occur, they are only waterless sandy vallies. Their geological formation is very fantastic. The strata are level, showing a gradual upheaval from a vastly distant centre. The upper half consists of a limestone—corresponding in some way, I guess, to the Maestricht beds of Europe, but infinitely harder,—the lower part of chalk, very soft and friable, with horizontal beds of flint. The lower half has succumbed to the sea and to the weather at a far quicker rate than the upper, leaving it overhanging. In many places, the upper strata have come crashing down, a million tons at a time, producing, in that land of hopeless horror, a specimen of coast scenery more weird and wild than one has ever seen, or, to tell the truth, wishes to see. One would rather read about such places among the rustling leaves of this English October.

Eyre judged that his first spell towards water would be a long one. He started first with two horses, a black young man, and the sheep, leaving Baxter and the two other blacks to follow with the rest of the horses. The black he took with him was, I think, Wylie, the good one, but I am not sure. It does not much matter. His royal laziness behaved much as they always do: insisted on riding the saddle horse, and making Eyre walk and lead the pack horse; Eyre also doing what civilized men always do on such occasions, submitting. And in this way they went for four days, with just enough water to keep them alive, but none for the horses or the poor creeping sheep. On the fourth day, rain threatened, but none fell; the sheep could get no further; so they made a yard of boughs, and left them for Baxter to pick up, and hurried on to find water, and if possible save the lives of the whole party, which even at this early stage seemed doomed.

At the 120th weary mile the cliffs broke for the first time, and there was a ravine to the sea. The blacks had told them of water hereabouts, to be got by digging, but their ideas of distance were

as vague as those of Melville's South Sea islander. "How ole I is! Berry ole. Thousand year. More." The question was, "Was *that* the place?" It is as useless to speculate what would have become of the expedition had there not happened a lucky accident, as it was for Mrs. Wilfer to calculate on what would have happened to her daughter Lavinia, if she, Mrs. Wilfer, had never got married. "With all due respect, Ma, I don't think you know either." A lucky accident did occur, however. Eyre passed this, the wrong valley, in the dark, and at daybreak found himself so far beyond it that he halted in an agony of doubt as to whether he should go back or not. He saw, however, miles ahead, that the cliff had receded from the sea, and that there was more promise of some drain of underground water ahead. He decided to go on, and, at the 135th mile, came upon sandhills, with a few holes which the natives had dug for water.

Try to realize this for yourselves. Fancy being alone in London, with the depopulated ruins of it all around, and having to lead a horse to the nearest available water at Gloucester, in burning weather, through deep sand. Who would do it for a bet? And this with a knowledge that there was worse to come. But why enlarge on it? This Eyre expedition is entirely without parallel; and so comfortably forgotten too!

They scraped away five feet of sand that night, and watered the horses, now *five days* without drink, and unable to feed on such miserable grass as there was for sheer choking drought. Please to notice this fact, you readers who are interested about horses. It strikes one as being curious, and somewhat new. There is no such insatiable drunkard as your horse, but see what he can do if he is pushed.

Eyre had nothing with which to dig out this five feet of sand, but shells left by the natives who rambled down here, at the risk of their lives, to get fish, a certain red berry which grew hereabouts, and which I cannot identify, sea anemones, winkles, and other along-

shore rubbish, which however were luxuries to them (the country behind must have been a bad one). These said shells I take it were the Australian type of those great Venus' Ears which one sees in the shell shops here, and which come from the Channel Islands. Their Latin name I have forgotten, and I have neither Turton nor Da Silva handy. A Civil Service examiner will tell you in a moment. However, he got the sand dug out with them and went to sleep: which makes pause the first.

He had now to go back, with water slung in kegs, to fetch up Baxter and the two natives, who were toiling along upon him, in that weary, waterless track of 135 miles along which he had come. He had just got back to the dry ravine first mentioned, when he saw Baxter and party winding down the opposite side towards him. He had got over that first weary spell as well as Eyre himself.

The sheep, which Eyre had left behind for Baxter to pick up and bring on, had been now six days without water, and the horses five. Baxter had left part of the luggage and of the pack-horses behind some miles. They sent back for these, and then prepared for another start.

The natives had told them of two watering places hereabouts, but they had found only one. They now moved westward; but, after forty miles, finding no water, Eyre had to send Baxter back for a supply, remaining alone with the sheep, and six days' supply for himself, until Baxter's return. In spite of the restlessness of the miserable thirsty sheep, he had time to look at his charts and calculate his chances. He was eight hundred miles from help, and might possibly hope, with all luck, to do it in twelve weeks. He was being choked with sand. He counted twenty blood-sucking flies, each leaving an irritating aching sting, in eight square inches of his legs at one time, and other things far too tedious to mention to us gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, and to whom quick Indian marches and thirsty bush-rides are but as

dreams. And the worst was by no means come to him yet; there was disaster waiting on his track still. We have just been sympathising deeply with Frederick's troubles in the Seven Years' war, but poor Eyre has put him out of our head altogether. Frederick got himself into a great mess—might have been left a mere duke, like Devonshire or Sutherland—but never into such a mess as this. Here we come to pause the second.

Baxter came up. They got the whole party together and went on. The cliffs had now receded from the shore, but were still there, inland some few miles, leaving a band of sand-hills between them and the sea.

When they were seventy miles (London to Bath, say) from the last water, their way was impeded by dense scrub (*Eucalyptus Dumosa*, I suppose, though the surveyors will make *Eucalyptus* masculine, and birch don't grow in Australia). Here they began, in despair of pulling through otherwise, to throw away their baggage. They then took to the shore, but found themselves turned out of their way, and their weary journey nearly doubled, by a strange new enemy. Vast lines of dry seaweed, too high for them to surmount, resembling stacked hay more than anything else, turned them right and left, across and across the vast ocean shore, until the tide rose and drove them against the impenetrable scrub; where the two younger blacks amused themselves by getting water from the roots of the scrub trees. These wretched boys, though but poor adepts at this sort of thing, got some pints of water in this way; and I should like to transcribe a passage from Mr. Eyre's journal at this place, which bears on their singular way of life, and is curious. They are a few of the words of a man who knew that doomed race better than any man has done before or since, and are entitled to respect on that account alone:—

“Natives who, from infancy, have been accustomed to travel through arid regions, can remain any length of time out in a country where there are no indications of water. The

circumstance of natives being seen, in travelling through an unknown district, is therefore no proof of the existence of water in their vicinity. I have myself observed, that no part of the country is so utterly worthless as not to have attractions sufficient occasionally to tempt the wandering savage into its recesses. In the arid, barren, naked plains of the north, with not a shrub to shelter him from the heat, not a stick to burn for his fire (except what he carried with him), the native is found; and where, as far as I could ascertain, the whole country around appeared equally devoid of either animal or vegetable life. In other cases, the very regions which, in the eyes of the European, are most barren and worthless, are to the native the most valuable and productive. Such are dense brushes or sandy tracts of country, covered with shrubs—for here the wallaby, the opossum, the kangaroo rat, the bandicoot, the leipoa, snakes, lizards, iguanas, and many other animals, reptiles, birds, &c. abound; whilst the kangaroo, the emu, and the native dog are found upon their borders, or in the vicinity of those small grassy plains which are occasionally met with amidst the closest brushes.”

The horses now, on which so much depended, began to fail. Five days of waterless misery had passed over their heads, and horse nature failed under the strain. The poor little Timor dropped at the 120th mile of this stage, the first of all. The others, whenever there was a halt, with dull eyes and drooping ears, followed Eyre and Baxter about like dogs, mutely praying for that water which they were unable to supply. They were as gods to the poor dumb helpless animals.

The tide once more drove them against the impenetrable scrub on the shore, and forced them to halt. Poor Baxter began to get very low spirited; nay, worse than that, began to set his mind on the hopeless task of going back to Fowler's Bay. Eyre beguiled him on, but agreed with him as to their nearly hopeless position, knowing that things would be much worse before they were better. During this halt it became evident that the horses must be hurried on to water. They buried all their loads in the sand, and pushed on with the barebacked horses; but they had tried them too far—two more dropped behind, and they were overtaken by night.

The cheerless morning found them among the fragments of some ancient

wreck. Some ship, years long ago, perhaps before the miserable coast had a name, had been blown on shore, and the crew either mercifully killed in the rollers, or left to wander a few days among the thirsty scrub before they lay down for the last time:—a dispiriting incident. They were now reduced to the dew on the leaves; Eyre collected it with a sponge, the natives with wisps of grass.

The miserable details are wearisome to write down. At the 160th mile from the last water, after seven days' drought for the horses and their one sheep, and two for themselves, Eyre and the overseer having gone on in desperation alone, digging in the first likely spot they had seen, found the sand moist and fresh, and soon came on an abundance of excellent water.

Among these sand-hills they stayed for twenty-eight days, Eyre going back alone with a boy to recover the baggage. On the occasion of this expedition they speared a sting ray, and ate him. This proved a somewhat valuable discovery, as it eked out their fast failing provisions. The weather became cold, but no rain fell, though there were occasionally heavy thunderstorms. The cliffs again approached the shore about fourteen miles to the westward; and Baxter went forward to examine them. His report was exceedingly unfavourable. Of course it was impossible for them to go any way but along the top of them, and the downs appeared to be grassless and waterless. Baxter was anxious to go back, but Eyre quietly determined to go on.

They killed one of their horses, and the natives feasted on it all day long, while they made some unsuccessful efforts to jerk it. The effect of this great feed of meat was exactly such as Mr. Bumble would have expected. The natives grew rebellious, announced their intention of shifting for themselves, and marched off. Even the gentle Wylie, the King George's Sound native, shared in the revolt. The younger of the two Port Lincoln blacks, however, was sufficiently under command to obey the

eye and voice of Mr. Eyre, and to remain behind.

Still they lingered here, unwilling to face the next 150 miles of cliff, where they knew there could be no water without rain. But the rain did not come; and, having killed their last sheep, they prepared to set forward. The night before they started, however, the two native deserters, beaten back by hunger and thirst, returned. Wylie was frankly penitent, and acknowledged that he had made a fool of himself; but the Port Lincoln blacks sat sulking by the fire, refusing to speak.

They now went on their weary way and ascended the cliffs. The downs were, as Baxter had reported, waterless and stony, with a dwarf tea-scrub (much like our chalk-down juniper). The first night, for the first time on the journey, the blacks were set to watch the horses.

Eyre had intended to travel the main part of the next night; but when it came on, Baxter urged him so strongly to remain that he yielded, the more easily as Baxter's reasons appeared good. Rain was threatening, and they were now in a place where water might be collected from the rock-pools, whereas, were they to advance, and the country to get sandy, the rain would be of no use to them. So they stayed where they were, and it was Baxter and Eyre's turn to watch the horses. Eyre, not being sleepy, took the first watch, and Baxter and the natives lay down to sleep.

The night was cold and wild, with scud driving across the moon, and a rushing wind which tossed the shrubs and sang loudly among the rocks. The place was very solitary—a high treeless down 400 feet above the vast Southern Ocean: a place not unlike the great down above Freshwater. The horses were very restless, keeping Eyre moving up and down, till at half-past ten he had lost sight of the camp fires. While he was looking round to catch a sight of them he saw a gun fired about a quarter of a mile off. Calling out, and receiving no answer, he ran towards the spot, and was met by Wylie, crying,

"Come here! Come here!" He ran in terror on to the camp fire, and there he found poor Baxter weltering in his blood inarticulate. How many minutes it was before he died, Eyre cannot say; but he did not speak or recognise him. The poor tortured body sank into quiescence, without one word having passed the lips; and the soul, still in its agony of torture, of indignation, of horror, with a burthen of explanations and messages to loved ones at home still struggling and struggling in vain to get sent by

its usual channel, went wandering away over the desolate down-lands to —

And poor Eyre was left alone in the waterless desert, 500 miles from help, with terror, unutterable grief, and despair for his companions. No others, unless it were the crawling sea, the thirsty down, and a crouching whining savage, who wrung his hands and whimpered! None other, indeed, except the God in whom he trusted, and who delivered him even out of this!

To be continued.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIVAL EYRIE.

EBBO trusted that his kinsman of Wildschloss was safe gone with the Court, and his temper smoothed and his spirits rose in proportion while preparations for a return to Adlerstein were being completed—preparations by which the burgher lady might hope to render the castle far more habitable, not to say baronial, than it had ever been.

The lady herself felt thankful that her stay at Ulm had turned out well beyond all anticipations in the excellent understanding between her uncle and her sons, and still more in Ebbo's full submission and personal loyalty towards the imperial family. The die was cast, and the first step had been taken towards rendering the Adlerstein family the peaceful, honourable nobles she had always longed to see them.

She was one afternoon assisting her aunt in some of the duties of her *wirthschaft*, when Master Gottfried entered the apartment with an air of such extreme complacency that both turned round amazed; the one exclaiming, "Surely funds have come in for finishing the spire!" the other, "Have they

appointed thee Provost for next year, House-father?"

"Neither the one nor the other," was the reply. "But heard you not the horse's feet? Here has the Lord of Adlerstein Wildschloss been with me in full state, to make formal proposals for the hand of our child, Christina."

"For Christina!" cried Hausfrau Johanna with delight; "truly that is well. Truly our maiden has done honour to her breeding. A second nobleman demanding her—and one who should be able richly to endow her!"

"And who will do so," said Master Gottfried. "For morning gift he promises the farms and lands of Grünau—rich both in forest and corn glebe. Likewise, her dower shall be upon Wildschloss—where the soil is of the richest pasture, and there are no less than three mills, whence the lord obtains large rights of multure. Moreover, the Castle was added to and furnished on his marriage with the late baroness, and might serve a Kurfürst; and though the jewels of Freiherrin Valeska must be inherited by her daughter, yet there are many of higher price which have descended from his own ancestresses, and which will all be hers."

"And what a wedding we will have!"

exclaimed Johanna; "it shall be truly baronial. I will take my hood and go at once to neighbour Sophie Lemsberg, who was wife to the Markgraf's Under Keller-Meister. She will tell me point device the ceremonies befitting the espousals of a baron's widow."

Poor Christina had sat all this time with drooping head and clasped hands, a tear stealing down as the formal terms of the treaty sent her spirit back to the urgent, pleading, imperious voice that had said, "Now, little one, thou wilt not shut me out;" and as she glanced at the ring that had lain on that broad palm, she felt as if her sixteen cheerful years had been an injury to her husband in his nameless bloody grave. But protection was so needful in those rude ages, and second marriages so frequent, that reluctance was counted as weakness. She knew her uncle and aunt would never believe that aught but compulsion had bound her to the rude outlaw, and her habit of submission was so strong that, only when her aunt was actually rising to go and consult her gossip, she found breath to falter,

"Hold, dear aunt—my sons——"

"Nay, child, it is the best thing thou couldst do for them. Wonders hast thou wrought, yet are they too old to be without fatherly authority. I speak not of Friedel; the lad is gentle and pious, though spirited, but for the baron. The very eye and temper of my poor brother Hugh—thy father, Stine—are alive again in him. Yea, I love the lad the better for it, while I fear. He minds me precisely of Hugh ere he was apprenticed to the weapon-smith, and all became bitterness."

"Ah, truly," said Christina, raising her eyes; "all would become bitterness with my Ebbo were I to give a father's power to one whom he would not love."

"Then were he sullen and unruly indeed!" said the old burgomaster with displeasure; "none have shown him more kindness, none could better aid him in court and empire. The lad has never had restraint enough. I blame thee not, child, but he needs it sorely, by thine own showing."

"Alas, uncle! mine be the blame, but it is over late. My boy will rule himself for the love of God and of his mother, but he will brook no hand over him—least of all, now he is a knight and thinks himself a man. Uncle, I should be deprived of both my sons, for Friedel's very soul is bound up with his brother's. I pray thee enjoin not this thing on me," she implored.

"Child!" exclaimed Master Gottfried, "thou thinkst not that such a contract as this can be declined for the sake of a wayward Junker!"

"Stay, housefather, the little one will doubtless hear reason and submit," put in the aunt. "Her sons were goodly and delightful to her in their upgrowth, but they are well nigh men. They will be away to court and camp, to love and marriage; and how will it be with her then, young and fair as she still is? Well will it be for her to have a stately lord of her own, and a new home of love and honour springing round her."

"True," continued Sorel; "and though she be too pious and wise to reek greatly of such trifles, yet it may please her dreamy brain to hear that Sir Kasimir loves her even like a paladin, and the love of a tried man of six-and-forty is better worth than a mere kindling of youthful fancy."

"Mine Eberhard loved me!" murmured Christina, almost to herself, but her aunt caught the word.

"And what was such love worth? To force thee into a stolen match, and leave thee alone and unowned to the consequences!"

"Peace!" exclaimed Christina, with crimson cheek and uplifted head. "Peace! My own dear lord loved me with true and generous love! None but myself knows how much. Not a word will I hear against that tender heart."

"Yes, peace," returned Gottfried in a conciliatory tone,—"peace to the brave Sir Eberhard. Thine aunt meant no ill of him. He truly would rejoice that the wisdom of his choice should receive such testimony, and that his sons should be thus well handled. Nay, little as I

heed such toys, it will doubtless please the lads that the baron will obtain of the Emperor letters of nobility for this house, which verily sprang of a good Walloon family, and so their shield will have no blank. The Romish king promises to give thee rank with any baroness, and hath fully owned what a pearl thou art, mine own sweet dove! Nay, Sir Kasimir is coming to-morrow in the trust to make the first betrothal with Graf von Kaulwitz as a witness, and I thought of asking the Provost on the other hand."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Johanna; "and how is she to be meetly clad? Look at this widow-garb; and how is time to be found for procuring other raiment? Housefather, a substantial man like you should better understand! The meal too! I must to gossip Sophie!"

"Verily, dear mother and father," said Christina, who had rallied a little, "have patience with me. I may not lightly or suddenly betroth myself; I know not that I can do so at all, assuredly not unless my sons were heartily willing. Have I your leave to retire?"

"Granted, my child, for meditation will show thee that this is too fair a lot for any but thee. Much had I longed to see thee wedded ere thy sons outgrew thy care, but I shunned proposing even one of our worthy guild-masters, lest my young Freiherr should take offence; but this knight, of his own blood, true and wise as a burgher, and faithful and God-fearing withal, is a better match than I durst hope, and is no doubt a special reward from thy patron saint."

"Let me entreat one favour more," implored Christina. "Speak of this to no one ere I have seen my sons."

She made her way to her own chamber, there to weep and flutter. Marriage was a matter of such high contract that between families the parties themselves had usually no choice, and only the widowed had any chance of a personal choice; nor was this always accorded in the case of females who remained at the disposal of their relatives. Good substantial wedded affection was not lacking, but romantic love was thought

an unnecessary preliminary, and found a vent in extravagant adoration, not always in reputable quarters. Obedience first to the father, then to the husband, was the first requisite; love might shift for itself; and the fair widow of Adlerstein, telling her beads in sheer perplexity, knew not whether her strong repugnance to this marriage and warm sympathy with her son Ebbo were not an act of rebellion. Yet each moment did her husband rise before her mind more vividly, with his rugged looks, his warm tender heart, his dawnings of comprehension, his generous forbearance and reverential love—the love of her youth—to be equalled by no other. The accomplished courtier and polished man of the world might be his superior, but she loathed the superiority, since it was to her husband. Might not his one chosen dove keep heart whole for him to the last? She recollected that coarsest, cruellest reproach of all that her mother-in-law had been wont to fling at her,—that she, the recent widow, the new-made mother of Eberhard's babes, in her grief, her terror, and her weakness had sought to captivate this suitor by her blandishments. The taunt seemed justified, and her cheeks burnt with absolute shame: "My husband! my loving Eberhard! left with none but me to love thee, unknown to thine own sons! I cannot, I will not give my heart away from thee! Thy little bride shall be faithful to thee, whatever betide. When we meet beyond the grave I will have been thine only, nor have set any before thy sons. Heaven forgive me if I be undutiful to my uncle; but thou must be preferred before even him! Hark!" and she started as if at Eberhard's footstep; then smiled, recollecting that Ebbo had his father's tread. But her husband had been too much in awe of her to enter with that hasty agitated step and exclamation, "Mother, mother, what insolence is this!"

"Hush, Ebbo! I prayed mine uncle to let me speak to thee."

"It is true, then," said Ebbo, dashing his cap on the ground; "I had soundly beaten that grinning prentice for telling Heinz."

"Truly the house rings with the rumour, mother," said Friedel, "but we had not believed it."

"I believed Wildschloss assured enough for aught," said Ebbo, "but I thought he knew where to begin. Does he not know who is head of the house of Adlerstein since he must tamper with a mechanical craftsman, cap in hand to any sprig of nobility! I would have soon silenced his overtures!"

"Is it in sooth as we heard?" asked Friedel, blushing to the ears, for the boy was shy as a maiden. "Mother, we know what you would say," he added, throwing himself on his knees beside her, his arm round her waist, his cheek on her lap, and his eyes raised to hers.

She bent down to kiss him. "Thou knewst it, Friedel, and now must thou aid me to remain thy father's true widow, and to keep Ebbo from being violent."

Ebbo checked his hasty march to put his hand on her chair and kiss her brow. "Motherling, I will restrain myself, so you will give me your word not to desert us."

"Nay, Ebbo," said Friedel, "the motherling is too true and loving for us to bind her."

"Children," she answered, "hear me patiently. I have been communing with myself, and deeply do I feel that none other can I love save him who is to you a mere name, but to me a living presence. Nor would I put any [between you and me. Fear me not, Ebbo. I think the mothers and sons of this wider, fuller world do not prize one another as we do. But, my son, this is no matter for rage or ingratitude. Remember it is no small condescension in a noble to stoop to thy citizen mother."

"He knew what painted puppets noble ladies are," growled Ebbo.

"Moreover," continued Christina, "thine uncle is highly gratified, and cannot believe that I can refuse. He understands not my love for thy father, and sees many advantages for us all. I doubt me if he believes I have power to resist his will, and for thee, he would not count thine opposition valid. And

the more angry and vehement thou art, the more will he deem himself doing thee a service by overruling thee."

"Come home, mother. Let Helmz lead our horses to the door in the dawn, and when we are back in free Adlerstein it will be plain who is master."

"Such a fitting would scarce prove our wisdom," said Christina, "to run away with thy mother like a lover in a ballad. Nay, let me first deal gently with thine uncle, and speak myself with Sir Kasimir, so that I may show him the vanity of his suit. Then will we back to Adlerstein without leaving wounds to requite kindness."

Ebbo was wrought on to promise not to attack the burgomaster on the subject, but he was moody and silent, and Master Gottfried let him alone, considering his gloom as another proof of his need of fatherly authority, and as a peace-lover forbearing to provoke his fiery spirit.

But when Sir Kasimir's visit was imminent, and Christina had refused to make the change in her dress by which a young widow was considered to lay herself open to another courtship, Master Gottfried called the twins apart.

"My young lords," he said, "I fear me ye are vexing your gentle mother by needless strife at what must take place."

"Pardon me, good uncle," said Ebbo, "I utterly decline the honour of Sir Kasimir's suit to my mother."

Master Gottfried smiled. "Sons are not wont to be the judges in such cases, Sir Eberhard."

"Perhaps not," he answered; "but my mother's will is to the nayward, nor shall she be coerced."

"It is merely because of you and your pride," said Master Gottfried.

"I think not so," rejoined the calmer Friedel; "my mother's love for my father is still fresh."

"Young knights," said Master Gottfried, "it would scarce become me to say, nor you to hear, how much matter of fancy such love must have been towards one whom she knew but for a few short months; though her pure sweet dreams, through these long years,

have moulded him into a hero. Boys, I verily believe ye love her truly. Would it be well for her still to mourn and cherish a dream while yet in her fresh age, capable of new happiness, fuller than she has ever enjoyed?"

"She is happy with us," rejoined Ebbo.

"And ye are good lads and loving sons, though less duteous in manner than I could wish. But look you, you may not ever be with her, and when ye are absent in camp or court, or contracting a wedlock of your own, would you leave her to her lonesome life in your solitary castle?"

Friedel's unselfishness might have been startled, but Ebbo boldly answered, "All mine is hers. No joy to me but shall be a joy to her. We can make her happier than could any stranger. Is it not so, Friedel?"

"It is," said Friedel, thoughtfully.

"Ah, rash bloods, promising beyond what ye can keep. Nature will be too strong for you. Love your mother as ye may, what will she be to you when a bride comes in your way? Fling not away in wrath, Sir Baron; it was so with your parents both before you; and what said the law of the good God at the first marriage? How can you withstand the nature He has given?"

"Belike I may wed," said Ebbo, bluntly; "but if it be not for my mother's happiness, call me mansworn knight."

"Not so," good-humouredly answered Gottfried, "but boy-sworn paladin, who talks of he knows not what. Speak knightly truth, Sir Baron, and own that this opposition is in verity from distaste to a step-father's rule."

"I own that I will not brook such rule," said Ebbo; "nor do I know what we have done to deserve that it should be thrust on us. You have never blamed Friedel, at least; and verily, uncle, my mother's eye will lead me where a stranger's hand shall never drive me. Did I even think she had for this man a quarter of the love she bears to my dead father I would strive for endurance; but in good sooth we found her in tears,

praying us to guard her from him. I may be a boy, but I am man enough to prevent her from being coerced."

"Was this so, Friedel?" asked Master Gottfried, moved more than by all that had gone before. "Ach, I thought ye all wiser. And spake she not of Sir Kasimir's offers?—Interest with the Romish king?—Yea, and a grant of nobility and arms to this house, so as to fill the blank in your scutcheon?"

"My father never asked if she were noble," said Ebbo. "Nor will I barter her for a cantle of a shield."

"There spake a manly spirit," cried his uncle, delighted. "Her worth hath taught thee how little to prize these gewgaws! Yet if ye look to mingling with your own proud kind, ye may fall among greater slights than ye can brook. It may matter less to you, Sir Baron, but Friedel here, ay, and your sons, will be ineligible to the choicest orders of knighthood, and the canonries and chapters that are honourable endowments."

Friedel looked as if he could bear it, and Eberhard said, "The order of the Dove of Adlerstein is enough for us."

"Headstrong all, headstrong all," sighed Master Gottfried. "One romantic marriage has turned all your heads."

The Baron of Adlerstein Wildschloss, unprepared for the opposition that awaited him, was riding down the street equipped point device, and with a goodly train of followers, in brilliant suits. Private wooing did not enter into the honest ideas of the burghers, and the suitor was ushered into the full family assembly, where Christina rose and came forward a few steps to meet him, curtseying as low as he bowed, as he said, "Lady, I have preferred my suit to you through your honour-worthy uncle, who is good enough to stand my friend."

"You are over good, sir. I feel the honour, but a second wedlock may not be mine."

"Now," murmured Ebbo to his brother, as the knight and lady seated themselves in full view, "now will the smooth-tongued fellow talk her out of her senses. Alack! that gipsy prophecy!"

Wildschloss did not talk like a young wooer; such days were over for both; but he spoke as a grave and honourable man, deeply penetrated with true esteem and affection. He said that at their first meeting he had been struck with her sweetness and discretion, and would soon after have endeavoured to release her from her durance, but that he was bound by the contract already made with the Trautbachs, who were dangerous neighbours to Wildschloss. He had delayed his distasteful marriage as long as possible, and it had caused him nothing but trouble and strife; his children would not live, and Thekla, the only survivor, was, as his sole heiress, a mark for the cupidity of her uncle, the Count of Trautbach, and his almost savage son Lassla; while the right to the Wildschloss barony would become so doubtful between her and Ebbo, as heir of the male line, that strife and bloodshed would be well-nigh inevitable. These causes made it almost imperative that he should remarry, and his own strong preference and regard for little Thekla directed his wishes towards the Freiherrin von Adlerstein. He backed his suit with courtly compliments, as well as with representations of his child's need of a mother's training, and the twins' equal want of fatherly guidance, dilating on the benefits he could confer on them.

Christina felt his kindness, and had full trust in his intentions. "No" was a difficult syllable to her, but she had that within her which could not accept him; and she firmly told him that she was too much bound to both her Eberhards. But there was no daunting him, nor preventing her uncle and aunt from encouraging him. He professed that he would wait, and give her time to consider; and though she reiterated that consideration would not change her mind, Master Gottfried came forward to thank him, and express his confidence of bringing her to reason."

"While I, sir," said Ebbo, with flashing eyes, and low but resentful voice, "beg to decline the honour in the name of the elder house of Adlerstein."

He held himself upright as a dart,

but was infinitely annoyed by the little mocking bow and smile that he received in return, as Sir Kasimir, with his long mantle, swept out of the apartment, attended by Master Gottfried.

"Burgomaster Sorel," said the boy, standing in the middle of the floor as his uncle returned, "let me hear whether I am a person of any consideration in this family or not?"

"Nephew baron," quietly replied Master Gottfried, "it is not the use of us Germans to be dictated to by youths not yet arrived at years of discretion."

"Then, mother," said Ebbo, "we leave this place to-morrow morn." And at her nod of assent the housefather looked deeply grieved, the housemother began to clamour about ingratitude. "Not so," answered Ebbo, fiercely. "We quit the house as poor as we came, in homespun and with the old mare."

"Peace, Ebbo!" said his mother, rising; "peace, I entreat, housemother! pardon, uncle, I pray thee. O, why will not all who love me let me follow that which I believe to be best!"

"Child," said her uncle, "I cannot see thee domineered over by a youth whose whole conduct shows his need of restraint."

"Nor am I," said Christina. "It is I who am utterly averse to this offer. My sons and I are one in that; and, uncle, if I pray of you to consent to let us return to our castle, it is that I would not see the visit that has made us so happy stained with strife and dissension! Sure, sure, you cannot be angered with my son for his love for me."

"For the self-seeking of his love," said Master Gottfried. "It is to gratify his own pride that he first would prevent thee from being enriched and ennobled, and now would bear thee away to the scant—Nay, Freiherr, I will not seem to insult you, but resentment would make you cruel to your mother."

"Not cruel!" said Friedel, hastily. "My mother is willing. And, verily, good uncle, methinks that we all were best at home. We have benefited much and greatly by our stay; we have learnt

to love and reverence you; but we are wild mountaineers at the best; and, while our hearts are fretted by the fear of losing our sweet mother, we can scarce be as patient or submissive as if we had been bred up by a stern father. We have ever judged and acted for ourselves, and it is hard to us not to do so still, when our minds are chafed."

"Friedel," said Ebbo, sternly, "I will have no pardon asked for maintaining my mother's cause. Do not thou learn to be smooth-tongued."

"O thou wrong-headed boy!" half groaned Master Gottfried. "Why did not all this fall out ten years sooner, when thou wouldst have been amenable? Yet, after all, I do not know that any noble training has produced a more high-minded, loving youth," he added, half relenting as he looked at the gallant earnest face, full of defiance indeed, but with a certain wistful appealing glance at "the motherling," softening the liquid lustrous dark eye. "Get thee gone, boy, I would not quarrel with you; and it may be, as Friedel says, that we are best out of one another's way. You are used to lord it, and I can scarce make excuses for you."

"Then," said Ebbo, scarce appeased, "I take home my mother, and you, sir, cease to favour Kasimir's suit."

"No, sir baron. I cease not to think that nothing would be so much for your good. It is because I believe that a return to your own old castle will best convince you all that I will not vex your mother by further opposing your departure. When you perceive your error may it only not be too late! Such a protector is not to be found every day."

"My mother shall never need any protector save myself," said Ebbo; "but, sir, she loves you and owes all to you. Therefore I will not be at strife with you, and there is my hand."

He said it as if he had been the Emperor reconciling himself to all the Hanse towns in one. Master Gottfried could scarce refrain from shrugging his shoulders, and Hausfrau Johanna was exceedingly angry with the petulant pride and insolence of the young noble;

but, in effect, all were too much relieved to avoid an absolute quarrel with the fiery lad to take exception at minor matters. The old burgher was forbearing; Christina, who knew how much her son must have swallowed to bring him to this concession for love of her, thought him a hero worthy of all sacrifices; and peace-making Friedel, by his aunt's side, soon softened even her, by some of the persuasive arguments that old dames love from gracious, graceful, great-nephews.

And when, by-and-by, Master Gottfried went out to call on Sir Kasimir, and explain how he had thought it best to yield to the hot-tempered lad, and let the family learn how to be thankful for the goods they had rejected, he found affairs in a state that made him doubly anxious that the young barons should be safe on their mountain without knowing of them. The Trautbach family had heard of Wildschloss's designs, and they had set abroad such injurious reports respecting the Lady of Adlerstein, that Sir Kasimir was in the act of inditing a cartel to be sent by Count Kaulwitz, to demand an explanation—not merely as the lady's suitor, but as the only Adlerstein of full age. Now, if Ebbo had heard of the rumour, he would certainly have given the lie direct, and taken the whole defence on himself; and it may be feared that, just as his cause might have been, Master Gottfried's faith did not stretch to believing that it would make his sixteen-year old arm equal to the brutal might of Lassla of Trautbach. So he heartily thanked the Baron of Wildschloss, agreed with him that the young knights were not as yet equal to the maintenance of the cause, and went home again to watch carefully that no report reached either of his nephews. Nor did he breathe freely till he had seen the little party ride safe off in the early morning, in much more lordly guise than when they had entered the city.

As to Wildschloss and his nephew of Trautbach, in spite of their relationship they had a sharp combat on the borders of their own estates, in which both were

severely wounded; but Sir Kasimir, with the misericorde in his grasp, forced Lassla to retract whatever he had said in dispraise of the Lady of Adlerstein. Willy old Gottfried took care that the tidings should be sent in a form that might at once move Christina with pity and gratitude towards her champion, and convince her sons that the adversary was too much hurt for them to attempt a fresh challenge.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EAGLE AND THE SNAKE.

THE reconciliation made Ebbo retract his hasty resolution of relinquishing all the benefits resulting from his connexion with the Sorel family, and his mother's fortune made it possible to carry out many changes that rendered the castle and its inmates far more prosperous in appearance than had ever been the case before. Christina had once again the appliances of a *wirthschaft*, such as she felt to be the suitable and becoming appurtenance of a right-minded Frau, gentle or simple, and she felt so much the happier and more respectable.

A chaplain had also been secured. The youths had insisted on his being capable of assisting their studies, and a good man had been found who was fearfully learned, having studied at all possible universities, but then failing as a teacher, because he was so dreamy and absent as to be incapable of keeping the unruly students in order. Jobst Schön was his proper name, but he was translated into Jodocus Pulcher. The chapel was duly adorned, the hall and other chambers were fitted up with some degree of comfort; the castle court was cleansed, the cattle sheds removed to the rear, and the serfs were presented with seed, and offered payment in coin if they would give their labour in fencing and clearing the cornfield and vineyard which the barons were bent on forming on the sunny slope of the ravine. Poverty was over, thanks to the marriage portion, and yet Ebbo looked less happy than in the days when there was

but a bare subsistence; and he seemed to miss the full tide of city life more than did his brother, who, though he had enjoyed Ulm more heartily at the time, seemed to have returned to all his mountain delights with greater zest than ever. At his favourite tarn, he revelled in the vast stillness with the greater awe for having heard the hum of men, and his minstrel dreams had derived fresh vigour from contact with the active world. But, as usual, he was his brother's chief stay in the vexations of a reformer. The serfs had much rather their lord had turned out a free-booter than an improver. Why should they sow new seeds, when the old had sufficed their fathers? Work, beyond the regulated days when they scratched up the soil of his old enclosure, was abhorrent to them. As to his offered coin, they needed nothing it would buy, and had rather bask in the sun or sleep in the smoke. A vineyard had never been heard of on Adlerstein mountain: it was clean contrary to his forefathers' habits; and all came of the bad drop of restless burgher blood, that could not let honest folk rest.

Ebbo stormed, not merely with words, but blows, became ashamed of his violence, tried to atone for it by gifts and kind words, and in return was sulkily told that he would bring more good to the village by rolling the fiery wheel straight down hill at the wake, than by all his new-fangled ways. Had not Koppel and a few younger men been more open to influence, his agricultural schemes could hardly have begun; but Friedel's persuasions were not absolutely without success, and every rood that was dug was achieved by his patience and perseverance.

Next came home the Graf von Schlangenberg. He had of late inhabited his castle in Styria, but in a fierce quarrel with some of his neighbours he had lost his eldest son, and the pacification enforced by the King of the Romans had so galled and infuriated him that he had deserted that part of the country, and returned to Swabia more fierce and bitter than ever. Thenceforth began a petty border warfare such

as had existed when Christina first knew Adlerstein, but had of late died out. The shepherd had come home weeping with wrath. Three mounted Schlangenwaldern had driven off his four best sheep, and beaten himself with their halberds, though he was safe on Adlerstein ground. Then a light thrown by a Schlangenwald reiter consumed all Jobst's pile of wood. The swine did not come home, and were found with spears sticking in them; the great broad-horned bull that Ebbo had brought from the pastures of Uhm vanished from the Alp below the Gernsbock's Pass, and was known to be salted for winter use at Schlangenwald.

Still Christina tried to persuade her sons that this might be only the retainers' violence, and induced Ebbo to write a letter, complaining of the outrages, but not blaming the count, only begging that his followers might be better restrained. The letter was conveyed by a lay brother—no other messenger being safe. Ebbo had protested from the first that it would be of no use, but he waited anxiously for the answer.

Thus it stood, when conveyed to him by a tenant of the Ruprecht cloister:—

"Wot you, Eberhard, Freiherr von Adlerstein, that your house have injured me by thought, word, and deed. Your great-grandfather usurped my lands at the ford. Your grandfather stole my cattle and burnt my mills. Then, in the war, he slew my brother Johann and lamed for life my cousin Matthias. Your father slew eight of my retainers and spoiled my crops. You yourself claim my land at the ford, and secure the spoil which is justly mine. Therefore do I declare war and feud against you. Therefore to you and all yours, to your helpers and helpers' helpers, am I a foe. And thereby shall I have maintained my honour against you and yours.

WOLFGANG, Graf von Schlangenwald.

HIEROM, Graf von Schlangenwald—his cousin.

&c., &c., &c.

And a long list of names, all connected with Schlangenwald, followed; and a large seal, bearing the snake of Schlangenwald, was appended thereto.

"The old miscreant!" burst out Ebbo; "it is a feud brief."

"A feud brief!" exclaimed Friedel; "they are no longer according to the law."

"Law?—what cares he for law or mercy either? Is this the way men act by the League? Did we not swear to send no more feud letters, nor have recourse to fist-right?"

"We must appeal to the Markgraf of Wurttemberg," said Friedel.

It was the only measure in their power, though Ebbo winced at it; but his oaths were recent, and his conscience would not allow him to transgress them by doing himself justice. Besides, neither party could take the castle of the other, and the only reprisals in his power would have been on the defenceless peasants of Schlangenwald. He must therefore lay the whole matter before the Markgraf, who was the head of the Swabian League, and bound to redress his wrongs. He made his arrangements without faltering, selecting the escort who were to accompany him, and insisting on leaving Friedel to guard his mother and the castle. He would not for the world have admitted the suggestion that the counsel and introduction of Adlerstein Wildschloss would have been exceedingly useful to him.

Poor Christina! It was a great deal too like that former departure, and her heart was heavy within her! Friedel was equally unhappy at letting his brother go without him, but it was quite necessary that he and the few armed men who remained should show themselves at all points open to the enemy in the course of the day, lest the Freiherr's absence should be remarked. He did his best to cheer his mother by reminding her that Ebbo was not likely to be taken at unawares as their father had been; and he shared the prayers and chapel services, in which she poured out her anxiety.

The blue banner came safe up the

pass again, but Ebbo was gloomy and indignant. The Markgraf of Wurtemberg had been formally civil to the young Freiherr; but he had laughed at the feud letter as a mere old-fashioned habit of Schlangenwald's that it was better not to notice, and he evidently regarded the stealing of a bull or the misusing of a serf as far too petty a matter for his attention. It was as if a judge had been called by a crying child to settle a nursery quarrel. He told Ebbo that, being a free baron of the empire, he must keep his bounds respected; he was free to take and hang any spoiler he could catch, but his bulls were his own affair: the League was not for such gear.

And a knight who had ridden out of Stuttgart with Ebbo had told him that it was no wonder that this had been his reception, for not only was Schlangenwald an old intimate of the Markgraf, but Swabia was claimed as a fief of Wurtemberg, so that Ebbo's direct homage to the Emperor, without the interposition of the Markgraf, had made him no object of favour. "What could be done?" asked Ebbo.

"Fire some Schlangenwald hamlet, and teach him to respect yours," said the knight.

"The poor serfs are guiltless."

"Ha! ha! as if they would not rob any of yours. Give and take, that's the way the empire wags, sir baron. Send him a feud letter in return, with a goodly file of names at its foot, and teach him to respect you."

"But I have sworn to abstain from fist-right."

"Much you gain by so abstaining. If the League will not take the trouble to right you, right yourself."

"I shall appeal to the Emperor, and tell him how his League is administered."

"Young sir, if the Emperor were to guard every cow in his domains he would have enough to do. You will never prosper with him without some one to back your cause better than that free tongue of yours. Hast no sister that thou couldst give in marriage to a stout

baron that could aid you with strong arm and prudent head?"

"I have only one twin brother."

"Ah! the twins of Adlerstein! I remember me. Was not the other Adlerstein seeking an alliance with your lady mother? Sure no better aid could be found. He is hand and glove with young King Max."

"That may never be," said Ebbo, haughtily. And, sure that he should receive the same advice, he decided against turning aside to consult his uncle at Ulm, and returned home in a mood that rejoiced Heinz and Hatto with hopes of the old days, while it filled his mother with dreary dismay and apprehension.

"Schlangenwald should suffer next time he transgressed," said Ebbo. "It should not again be said that he was a coward who appealed to the law because his hand could not keep his head."

The "next time" was when the first winter cold was setting in. A party of reitern came to harry an outlying field, where Ulrich had raised a scanty crop of rye. Tidings reached the castle in such good time that the two brothers, with Heinz, the two Ulm grooms, Koppel, and a troop of serfs, fell on the marauders before they had effected much damage, and while some remained to trample out the fire, the rest pursued the enemy even to the village of Schlangenwald.

"Burn it, Herr Freiherr," cried Heinz, hot with victory. "Let them learn how to make havoc of our corn."

But a host of half-naked beings rushed out and fell on their knees, shrieking about sick children, bedridden grandmothers, and crippled fathers, and falling on their knees with their hands stretched out to the young barons. Ebbo turned away his head with hot tears in his eyes; "Friedel, what can we do?"

"Not barbarous murder," said Friedel.

"But they brand us for cowards!"

"The cowardice were in striking here," and Friedel sprang to withhold Koppel, who had lighted a bundle of dried fern ready to thrust into the thatch.

"Peasants!" said Ebbo, with the same impulse, "I spare you. You did not this wrong. But bear word to your lord, that if he will meet me with lance and sword, he will learn the valour of Adlestein."

The serfs flung themselves before him in transports of gratitude, but he turned hastily away, and strode up the mountain, his cheek glowing as he remembered, too late, that his defiance would be scoffed at as a boy's vaunt. By and by he arrived at the hamlet, where he found a prisoner, a scowling abject fellow, already well beaten, and now held by two serfs.

"The halter is ready, Herr Freiherr," said old Ulrich, "and yon rowan stump is still as stout as when your Herr grandsire hung three lanzknechts on it in one day. We only waited your bidding."

"Quick then, and let me hear no more," said Ebbo, about to descend the pass, as if hastening from the execution of a wolf taken in a gin.

"Has he seen the priest?" asked Friedel.

The peasants looked as if this were one of Sir Friedel's unaccountable fancies; Ebbo paused, frowned, and muttered, but seeing a move as if to drag the wretch towards the stunted bush overhanging an abyss, he shouted, "Hold, Ulrich! Little Hans, do thou run down to the castle, and bring Father Jodocus to do his office."

The serfs were much disgusted. "It never was so seen before, Herr Freiherr," remonstrated Heinz; "fang and hang was ever the word."

"What shrift had my lord's father, or mine?" added Koppel.

"Look you!" said Ebbo, turning sharply, "If Schlangenwald be a godless ruffian, pitiless alike to soul and body, is that a cause that I should stain myself too?"

"It were true vengeance," growled Koppel.

"And now," grumbled Ulrich, "will my lady hear, and there will be feeble pleadings for the vermin's life."

Like mutterings ensued, the purport

of which was caught by Friedel, and made him say to Ebbo, who would again have escaped the disagreeableness of the scene, "We had better tarry at hand. Unless we hold the folk in some check there will be no right execution. They will torture him to death ere the priest comes."

Ebbo yielded, and began to pace the scanty area of the flat rock where the need-fire was wont to blaze. After a time he exclaimed: "Friedel, how couldst ask me? Knowst not that it sickens me to see a mountain cat killed, save in full chase. And thou—why thou art white as the snow crags!"

"Better conquer the folly than that he there should be put to needless pain," said Friedel, but with labouring breath that showed how terrible was the prospect to his imaginative soul, not inured to death scenes like those of his fellows.

Just then a mocking laugh broke forth. "Ha!" cried Ebbo, looking keenly down, "what do ye there? Fang and hang may be fair, fang and torment is base! What was it, Lieschen?"

"Only, Herr Freiherr, the caitiff craved drink, and the fleischerinn gave him a cup from the stream behind the slaughter-house, where we killed the swine. Fit for the like of him!"

"By heavens, when I forbade torture!" cried Ebbo, leaping from the rock in time to see the disgusting draught held to the lips of the captive, whose hands were twisted back and bound with cruel tightness; for the German boor, once roused from his lazy good nature, was doubly savage from stolidity.

"Wretches!" cried Ebbo, striking right and left, with the back of his sword, among the serfs, and then cutting the thong that was eating into the prisoner's flesh, while Friedel caught up a wooden bowl, filled it with pure water, and offered it to the captive, who drank deeply.

"Now," said Ebbo, "hast ought to say for thyself?"

A low curse against things in general was the only answer.

"What brought thee here?" con-

tinued Ebbo, in hopes of extracting some excuse for pardon; but the prisoner only hung his head, as one stupid, brutally indifferent, and hardened against the mere trouble of answering. Not another word could be extracted, and Ebbo's position was very uncomfortable, keeping guard over his condemned felon, with the sulky peasants herding round, in fear of being baulked of their prey; and the reluctance growing on him every moment to taking life in cold blood. Right of life and death was a heavy burthen to a youth under seventeen, unless he had been thoughtless and reckless, and from this Ebbo had been prevented by his peculiar life. The lion cub had never tasted blood.

The situation was prolonged beyond expectation.

Many a time had the brothers paced their platform of rock, the criminal had fallen into a doze, and women and boys were murmuring that they must call home their kine and goats, and it was a shame to debar them of the sight of the hanging, long before Hans came back between crying and stammering, to say that Father Jodocus had fallen into so deep a study over his book, that he only muttered "Coming," then went into another musing fit, whence no one could rouse him to do more than say "Coming! Let him wait."

"I must go and bring him, if the thing is to be done," said Friedel.

"And let it last all night!" was the answer. "No, if the man were to die, it should be at once, not by inches. Hark thee, rogue," stirring him with his foot.

"Well, sir," said the man, "is the hanging ready yet? You've been long enough about it for us to have twisted the necks of every Adlerstein of you all."

"Look thee, caitiff!" said Ebbo; "thou meritest the rope as well as any wolf on the mountain, but we have kept thee so long in suspense, that if thou canst say a word for thy life, or pledge thyself to meddle no more with my lands, I'll consider of thy doom."

"You have had plenty of time to consider it," growled the fellow.

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A murmur, followed by a wrathful shout, rose among the villagers. "Letting off the villain! No! No! Out upon him! He dares not!"

"Dare!" thundered Ebbo, with flashing eyes. "Rascals as ye are, think ye to hinder me from daring? Your will to be mine? There, fellow; away with thee! Up to the Gemsbock's Pass! And whoso would follow him, let him do so at his peril!"

The prisoner was prompt to gather himself up and rush like a hunted animal to the path, at the entrance of which stood both twins, with drawn swords, to defend the escape. Of course no one ventured to follow; and surly discontented murmurs were the sole result as the peasants dispersed. Ebbo, sheathing his sword, and putting his arm into his brother's, said: "What, Friedel, turned stony-hearted? Hadst never a word for the poor caitiff?"

"I knew thou wouldst never do the deed," said Friedel, smiling.

"It was such wretched prey," said Ebbo. "Yet shall I be despised for this! Would that thou hadst let me string him up shriftless, as any other man had done, and there would have been an end of it!"

And even his mother's satisfaction did not greatly comfort Ebbo, for he was of the age to feel more ashamed of a solecism than a crime. Christina perceived that this was one of his most critical periods of life, baited as he was by the enemy of his race, and feeling all the disadvantages which heart and conscience gave him in dealing with a man who had neither, at a time when public opinion was always with the most masterful. The necessity of arming his retainers, and having fighting men, were additional temptations to hereditary habits of violence; and that so proud and fiery a nature as his should never become involved was almost beyond hope. Even present danger seemed more around than ever before. The estate was almost in a state of siege, and Christina never saw her sons quit the castle without thinking of their father's fate, and passing into the chapel to

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entreat for their return unscathed in body or soul. The snow, which she had so often hailed as a friend, was never more welcome than this winter; not merely as shutting the enemy out, and her sons in, but as cutting off all danger of a visit from her suitor, who would now come armed with his late sufferings in her behalf; and, moreover, with all the urgent need of a wise and respected head and protector for her sons. Yet the more evident the expediency became, the greater grew her distaste.

Still the lonely life weighed heavily on Ebbo. Light-hearted Friedel was ever busy and happy, were he chasing the grim winter game—the bear and wolf—with his brother, fencing in the hall, learning Greek with the chaplain, reading or singing to his mother, or carving graceful angel forms to adorn the chapel. Or he could at all times soar into a minstrel dream of pure chivalrous semi-allegorical romance, sometimes told over the glowing embers to his mother and brother. All that came to Friedel was joy, from battling with the bear on a frozen rock, to persuading rude little Hans to come to the Frau Freiherrin to learn his paternoster. But the elder twin might hunt, might fence, might smile or kindle at his brother's lay, but ever with a restless gloom on him, a doubt of the future which made him impatient of the present, and led to a sharpness and hastiness of manner that broke forth in anger at slight offences.

"The matron's coif succeeding the widow's veil," Friedel heard him muttering even in sleep, and more than once listened to it as Ebbo leant over the battlements—as he looked over the white world to the grey mist above the city of Ulm.

"Thou, who mockest my forebodings and fancies, to dwell on that gypsy augury!" argued Friedel. "As thou saidst at the time, Wildschloss's looks gave shrewd cause for it."

"The answer is in mine own heart," answered Ebbo. "Since our stay at Ulm, I have ever felt as though the sweet motherling were less my own! And the same with my house and lands.

Rule as I will, a mocking laugh comes back to me, saying: 'Thou art but a boy, sir baron, thou dost but play at lords and knights.' If I had hung yon rogue of a reiter, I wonder if I had felt my grasp more real?"

"Nay," said Friedel, glancing from the sparkling white slopes to the pure blue above, "our whole life is but a play at lords and knights, with the blessed saints as witnesses of our sport in the tilt yard."

"Were it merely that," said Ebbo, impatiently, "I were not so galled. Something hangs over us, Friedel! I long that these snows would melt, that I might at least know what it is!"

CHAPTER XVII.

BRIDGING THE FORD.

THE snow melted, the torrent became a flood, then contracted itself, but was still a broad stream, when one spring afternoon Ebbo showed his brother some wains making for the ford, adding, "It cannot be rightly passable. They will come to loss. I shall get the men together to aid them."

He blew a blast on his horn, and added, "The knaves will be alert enough if they hope to meddle with honest men's luggage."

"See," and Friedel pointed to the thicket to the westward of the meadow around the stream, where the beech trees were budding, but not yet forming a full mass of verdure, "Is not the snake in the wood? Methinks I spy the glitter of his scales."

"By heavens, the villains are lying in wait for the travellers at our landing-place," cried Ebbo, and again raising the bugle to his lips, he set forth three notes well known as a call to arms. Their echoes came back from the rocks, followed instantly by lusty jodels, and the brothers rushed into the hall to take down their light head-pieces and corselets, answering in haste their mother's startled questions, by telling of the endangered travellers, and the Schlangenwald ambush. She looked white and

trembled, but said no word to hinder them; only as she clasped Friedel's corslet, she entreated them to take fuller armour.

"We must speed the short way down the rock," said Ebbo, "and cannot be cumbered with heavy harness. Sweet motherling, fear not; but let a meal be spread for our rescued captives. Ho, Heinz, 'tis against the Schlangenwald rascals. Art too stiff to go down the rock path?"

"No; nor down the abyss, could I strike a good stroke against Schlangenwald at the bottom of it," quoth Heinz.

"Nor see vermin set free by the Freiherr," growled Koppel; but the words were lost in Ebbo's loud commands to the men as Friedel and Hatto handed down the weapons to them.

The convoy had by this time halted, evidently to try the ford. A horseman crossed, and found it practicable, for a waggon proceeded to make the attempt.

"Now is our time," said Ebbo, who was standing on the narrow ledge between the castle and the precipitous path leading to the meadow. "One waggon may get over, but the second or third will stick in the ruts that it leaves. Now will we drop from our crag, and if the Snake falls on them, why then for a pounce of the Eagle."

The two young knights, so goodly in their bright steel, knelt for their mother's blessing, and then sprang like chamois down the ivy-twined steep, followed by their men, and were lost to sight among the bushes and rocks. Yet even while her frame quivered with fear, her heart swelled at the thought what a gulf there was between these days and those when she had hidden her face in despair, while Ermentrude watched the Debateable Ford.

She watched now in suspense indeed, but with exultation instead of shame, as two waggons safely crossed, but the third stuck fast, and presently turned over in the stream, impelled sideways by the efforts of the struggling horses. Then amid endeavours to disentangle the animals and succour the

driver, the travellers were attacked by a party of armed men, who dashed out of the beech wood, and fell on the main body of the waggons which were waiting on the bit of bare shingly soil that lay between the new and old channels. A wild *melee* was all that Christina could see, weapons raised, horses starting, men rushing from the river, while the clang and the shout rose even to the castle.

Hark! Out rings the clear call, "The Eagle to the rescue!" There they speed over the meadow, the two slender forms with glancing helms! O overrun not the followers, rush not into needless danger! There is Koppel almost up with them with his big axe—Heinz's broad shoulders near. Heaven strike with them! Visit not their forefathers' sin on those pure spirits. Some are flying. Some one has fallen! O heavens! On which side? Ah! it is into the Schlangenwald woods that the fugitives direct their flight. Three—four—the whole troop pursued! Go not too far! Run not into needless risk! Your work is done and gallantly. Well done, young knights of Adlerstein! Which of you is it that stands pointing out safe standing-ground for the men that are raising the waggon? Which of you is it who stands in converse with a burgher form? Thanks and blessings! the lads are safe, and full knightly hath been their first emprise.

A quarter of an hour later, a gay step mounted the ascent, and Friedel's bright face laughed from his helmet, "There, mother, will you crown your knights? Could you see Ebbo bear down the chief squire? for the old Snake was not there himself. And whom do you think we rescued, besides a whole band of Venetian traders to whom he had joined himself? Why, my uncle's friend, the architect, of whom he used to speak—Master Moritz Schleiermacher."

"Moritz Schleiermacher! I knew him as a boy."

"He had been laying out a Lustgarten for the Romish king at Innspruck, and he is a stout man of his hands, and attempted defence; but he had such a

shrewd blow before we came up, that he lay like one dead, and when he was lifted up, he gazed at us like one moon-struck, and said, 'Are my eyes dazed, or are these the twins of Adlerstein, that are as like as face to mirror? Lads, lads, your uncle looked not to hear of you acting in this sort.' But soon we and his people let him know how it was, and that eagles do not have the manner of snakes."

"Poor Master Moritz! Is he much hurt? Is Ebbo bringing him up hither?"

"No, mother, he is but giddied and stunned, and now must you send down store of sausage, sourkraut, meat, wine, and beer, for the wains cannot all cross till daylight, and we must keep ward all night lest the Schlangenwalden should fall on them again. Plenty of good cheer, mother, to make a right merry watch."

"Take heed, Friedel mine; a merry watch is scarce a safe one."

"Even so, sweet motherling, and therefore must Ebbo and I share it. You must meet out your liquor wisely, you see, enough for the credit of Adlerstein, and enough to keep out the marsh fog, yet not enough to make us snore too soundly. I am going to take my lute; it would be using it ill not to let it enjoy such a chance as a midnight watch."

So away went the light-hearted boy, and by and by Christina saw the red watch-fire as she gazed from her turret window. She would have been pleased to see how, marshalled by a merchant who had crossed the desert from Egypt to Palestine, the waggons were ranged in a circle and the watches told off, while the food and drink were carefully portioned out.

Freiherr Ebbo, on his own ground, as champion and host, was far more at ease than in the city, and became very friendly with the merchants and architect as they sat round the bright fire, conversing or at times challenging the mountain echoes by songs to the sound of Friedel's lute. When the stars grew bright, most lay down to sleep in the

waggons, while others watched, pacing up and down till Karl's waggon should be over the mountain, and the vigil was relieved.

No disturbance took place, and at sunrise, a hasty meal was partaken of, and the work of crossing the river was set in hand.

"Pity," said Moritz, the architect, "that this ford were not spanned by a bridge, to the avoiding of danger and spoil."

"Who could build such a bridge?" asked Ebbo.

"Yourself, Herr Freiherr, in union with us burghers of Ulm. It were well worth your while to give land and stone, and ours to give labour and skill, provided we fixed a toll on the passage, willingly paid to save peril and delay."

The brothers caught at the idea, and the merchants agreed that such a bridge would be an inestimable boon to all traffickers between Constance, Ulm, and Augsburg, and would attract many travellers who were scared away by the evil fame of the Debateable Ford. Master Moritz looked at the stone of the mountain, pronounced it excellent material, and already sketched the span of the arches with a view to winter-torrents. As to the site, the best was on the firm ground above the ford; but here only one side was Adlerstein, while on the other Ebbo claimed both banks, and it was probable that an equally sound foundation could be obtained, only with more cost and delay.

After this survey, the travellers took leave of the barons, promising to write when their fellow-citizens should have been sounded as to the bridge; and Ebbo remained in high spirits, with such brilliant purposes that he had quite forgotten his gloomy forebodings. "Peace instead of war at home," he said; "with the revenue it will bring, I will build a mill, and set our lads to work, so that they may become less dull and doltish than their parents. Then will we follow the Emperor with a train that none need despise! No one will talk now of Adlerstein not being able to take care of himself!"

Letters came from Ulm, saying that the guilds of mercers and wine merchants were delighted with the project, and invited the Baron of Adlerstein to a council at the Rathhaus. Master Sorel begged the mother to come with her sons to be his guest; but, fearing the neighbourhood of Sir Kasimir, she remained at home with Heinz for her seneschal, while her sons rode to the city. There Ebbo found that his late exploit and his future plan had made him a person of much greater consideration than on his last visit, and he demeaned himself with far more ease and affability in consequence. He had affairs on his hands too, and felt more than one year older.

The two guilds agreed to build the bridge, and share the toll with the baron in return for the ground and materials, but they preferred the plan that placed one pier on the Schlangenwald bank, and proposed to write to the Count an offer to include him in the scheme, awarding him a share of the profits in proportion to his contribution. However vexed at the turn affairs had taken, Ebbo could offer no valid objection, and was obliged to affix his signature to the letter in company with the guildmasters.

It was despatched by the city pursuivants—

“The only men who safe might ride
Their errands on the border side;”

and a meeting was appointed in the Rathhaus for the day of their expected return. The higher burghers sat on their carved chairs in the grand old hall, the lesser magnates on benches, and Ebbo, in an elbowed seat far too spacious for his slender proportions, met a glance from Friedel, that told him his merry brother was thinking of the frog and the ox. The pursuivants entered—hardy, shrewd-looking men, with the city arms decking them wherever there was room for them.

“Honor-worthy sirs,” they said, “no letter did the Graf von Schlangenwald return.”

“Sent he no message?” demanded Moritz Schleiermacher.

“Yea, worthy sir, but scarce befitting this reverend assembly.” On being pressed, however, it was repeated, “The Lord Count was pleased to swear at what he termed the insolence of the city in sending him heralds, ‘as if,’ said he, ‘the dogs,’ your worships, ‘were his equals.’ Then having cursed your worships, he reviled the crooked writing of Herr Clerk Diedrichson, and called his chaplain to read it to him. Herr Priest could scarce read three lines for his foul language about the ford. ‘Never,’ said he, ‘would he consent to raising a bridge—a mean trick,’ so said he, ‘for defrauding him of his rights to what the flood sent him.’”

“But,” asked Ebbo, “took he no note of our explanation that if he give not the upper bank, we will build lower where both sides are my own?”

“He passed it not entirely over,” replied the messenger.

“What said he—the very words?” demanded Ebbo, with the paling cheek and low voice, that made his passion often seem like patience.

“He said—the Herr Freiherr will pardon me for repeating the words—he said, ‘Tell the misproud mongrel of Adlerstein that he had best sit firm in his own saddle ere meddling with his betters, and if he touch one pebble of the Braunwasser he will rue it. And before your city-folk take up with him or his, they had best learn whether he have any right at all in the case.’”

“His right is plain,” said Master Gottfried; “full proofs were given in, and his investiture by the Kaisar forms a title in itself. It is mere bravado, and an endeavour to make mischief between the Baron and the city.”

“Even so did I explain, Herr Guildmaster,” said the pursuivant; “but, pardon me, the Count laughed me to scorn,” and quoth he, “Asked the Kaisar for proof of his father’s death?”

“Mere mischief-making as before,” said Master Gottfried, while his nephews started with amaze. “His father’s death was proved by an eye-witness, whom you still have in your train, have you not, Herr Freiherr?”

"Yea," replied Ebbo, "he is at Adlerstein now, Heinrich Bauermann, called the Schneiderlein, a lanzknecht, who alone escaped the slaughter, and from whom we have often heard how my father died, choked in his own blood, from a deep breast-wound, immediately after he had sent home his last greetings to my lady mother."

"Was the corpse restored?" asked the able Rathsherr Ulrich.

"No," said Ebbo. "Almost all our retainers had perished, and when a friar was sent to the hostel to bring home the remains, it appeared that the treacherous foe had borne them off—nay, my grandfather's head was sent to the Diet!"

The whole assembly agreed that the Count could only mean to make the absence of direct evidence about a murder committed eighteen years ago tell in sowing distrust between the allies. The suggestion was not worth a thought, and it was plain that no site would be available except the Debateable Strand. To this, however, Ebbo's title was assailable both on account of his minority, as well as his father's unproved death, and of the disputed claim to the ground. The Rathsherr, Master Gottfried, and others, therefore recommended deferring the work till the Baron should be of age, when, on again tendering his allegiance, he might obtain a distinct recognition of his marches. But this policy did not consort with the quick spirit of Moritz Schleiermacher, or with the convenience of the mercers and wine-merchants who were constant sufferers by the want of a bridge, and afraid of waiting four years, in which a lad like the Baron might return to the normal instincts of his class, or the Braunwasser might take back the land it had given; whilst Ebbo himself was urgent, with all the defiant fire of youth, to begin building at once in spite of all gainsayers.

"Strife and blood will it cost," said Master Sorel, gravely.

"What can be had worth the having save at cost of strife and blood?" said Ebbo, with a glance of fire.

"Youth speaks of counting the cost. Little knows it what it saith," sighed Master Gottfried.

"Nay," returned the Rathsherr, "were it otherwise, who would have the heart for enterprise?"

So the young knights mounted, and had ridden about half the way in silence, when Ebbo exclaimed, "Friedel"—and as his brother started, "What art musing on?"

"What thou art thinking of," said Friedel, turning on him an eye that had not only something of the brightness but of the penetration of a sunbeam.

"I do not think thereon at all," said Ebbo, gloomily. "It is a figment of the old serpent to hinder us from snatching his prey from him."

"Nevertheless," said Friedel, "I cannot but remember that the Genoese merchant of old told us of a German noble sold by his foes to the Moors."

"Folly! That tale was too recent to concern my father."

"I did not think it did," said Friedel; "but mayhap that noble's family rest equally certain of his death."

"Pfui!" said Ebbo, hotly; "has not heard fifty times how he died even in speaking, and how Heinz crossed his hands on his breast? What wouldst have more?"

"Hardly even that," said Friedel, slightly smiling.

"Tush!" hastily returned his brother, "I meant only by way of proof. Would an honest old fellow like Heinz be a deceiver?"

"Not wittingly. Yet I would fain ride to that hostel and make inquiries!"

"The traitor host met his deserts, and was broken on the wheel for murdering a pedlar a year ago," said Ebbo. "I would I knew where my father was buried, for then would I bring his corpse honourably back; but as to his being a living man, I will not have it spoken of to trouble my mother."

"To trouble her?" exclaimed Friedel.

"To trouble her," repeated Ebbo. "Long since hath past the pang of his loss, and there is reason in what old Sorel says, that he must have been a

rugged, untaught savage, with little in common with the gentle one, and that tender memory hath decked him out as he never could have been. Nay, Friedel, it is but sense. What could a man have been under the granddame's breeding?"

"It becomes not thee to say so!" returned Friedel. "Nay, he could learn to love our mother!"

"One sign of grace, but doubtless she loved him the better for their having been so little together. Her heart is at peace, believing him in his grave; but let her imagine him in Schlangewald's dungeon, or some Moorish galley, if thou likest it better, and how will her mild spirit be rent!"

"It might be so," said Friedel, thoughtfully. "It may be best to keep this secret from her till we have fuller certainty."

"Agreed, then," said Ebbo, "unless the Wildschloss fellow should again molest us, when his answer is ready."

"Is this just towards my mother?" said Friedel.

"Just! What mean'st thou? Is it not our office and our dearest right to shield our mother from care? And is not her chief wish to be rid of the Wildschloss suit?"

Nevertheless Ebbo was moody all the way home, but when there he devoted himself in his most eager and winning way to his mother, telling her of Master Gottfried's woodcuts, and Hausfrau Johanna's rheumatism, and of all the news of the country, in especial that the Kaiser was at Lintz, very ill with a gangrene in his leg, and that his doctors thought of amputation, a horrible idea in the fifteenth century. The young baron was evidently bent on proving that no one could make his mother so happy as he could; and he was not far wrong there.

Friedel, however, could not rest till he had followed Heinz to the stable, and, speaking over the back of the old white mare, the only other survivor of the massacre, had asked him once more for the particulars, a tale he was never loth to tell; but, when Friedel further

demanding whether he were certain of having seen the death of his younger lord, he replied, as if hurt: "What, think you I would have quitted him while life was yet in him?"

"No, certainly, good Heinz, yet I would fain know by what tokens thou knewest his death."

"Ah! Sir Friedel; when you have seen a stricken field or two, you will not ask how I know death from life."

"Is a swoon so utterly unlike death?"

"I say not but that an inexperienced youth might be mistaken," said Heinz; "but for one who had learnt the bloody trade, it were impossible. Why ask, sir?"

"Because," said Friedel, low and mysteriously—"my brother would not have my mother know it, but—Count Schlangewald demanded whether we could prove my father's death."

"Prove! He could not choose but die with three such wounds, as the old ruffian knows. I shall bless the day, Sir Friedmund, when I see you or your brother give back those strokes! A heavy reckoning be his."

"We all deem that he only meant to vex our designs," said Friedel. "Yet, Heinz, I would I knew how to find out what passed when thou wast gone. Is there no servant at the inn—no retainer of Schlangewald that ought could be learnt from?"

"By St. Gertrude," roughly answered the Schneiderlein, "if you cannot be satisfied with the oath of a man like me, who would have given his life to save your father, I know not what will please you."

Friedel, with his wonted good-nature, set himself to pacify the warrior with assurances of his trust; yet, while Ebbo plunged more eagerly into plans for the bridge-building, Friedel drew more and more into his old world of musings; and many a summer afternoon was spent by him at the Ptarmigan's Mere, in deep communings with himself, as one revolving a purpose.

Christina could not but observe, with a strange sense of foreboding, that, while one son was more than ever in the

lonely mountain heights, the other was far more at its base. Master Moritz Schleiermacher was a constant guest at the castle, and Ebbo was much taken up with his companionship. He was a strong, shrewd man, still young, but with much experience, and he knew how to adapt himself to intercourse with the proud nobility, preserving an independent bearing, while avoiding all that haughtiness could take umbrage at; and thus he was acquiring a greater

influence over Ebbo, than was perceived by any save the watchful mother, who began to fear lest her son was acquiring an infusion of worldly wisdom and eagerness for gain that would indeed be a severance between him and his brother.

If she had known the real difference that unconsciously kept her sons apart, her heart would have ached yet more.

To be continued.

THE MATTERHORN SACRIFICE.

To do what none
Before had done
They braved the ice-field's trackless way;
They courted Fame,
They sought a name;
The bubble burst—and where are they?

The deed is done,
The prize is won;
They sleep where none have slept before;
For ever hurled
From out the world;
One slip, one plunge—and all is o'er!

No living soul
May now unroll
That page of horror, woe, and strife,
By terror wrought
On conscious thought
With the whole being's storied life.

By wild despair
Fire-written there—
In one brief moment felt and seen,
The evil done,
The good forgone—
Whate'er they are, were, might have been.

We mourn the waste
Of their rich past—
Love, talents, learning, power, and worth;—
The ruin mourn
Of hopes upturned
And plighted service on God's earth.

Yon granite dome
All time to come
A grief-stained monument shall tower

Where nature stern
 Bids man discern
 His feebleness before her power.

Why may we not
 Keep one bright spot
 Pure from man's tread in desert snows,
 Where peace may dwell
 In light, and tell
 The world-tired heart of Heaven's repose ?

No Jungfrau now
 With crystal brow
 In stainless vestal robe can rise ;
 No Alpine crest
 In quiet rest
 May wait beneath the Sabbath skies.

The butterfly
 Might mount as high—
 To man what can such goal avail ?
 Oh, labour vain !
 Oh, fearful gain !
 A ghastly grave, a country's wail !

S. H. F.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

VIII. OF A LITTLE CHILD.

It has been a lovely spring day, the first of the season. But yesterday the horizon was girdled with snow storms, great billows of low, purple cloud, which rolled grandly along before a shrill east wind, and broke in sheets of white foam-spray upon the earth. To day the wind has shifted to the south, the spring sun has put forth all his power, gathering up his might, as it were, to give the death-blow to departing winter ; and bird, and bee, and all the insect tribe, stirred with the sweet short joy of life, have joined together for the first time seemingly this year in their orisons to the Creator. It has been a heavenly day, bridal of earth and sky, blending of sapphire and emerald ; a sabbath of days ; for there are days given to us, few and far between, of which it may be most truly said that they are sabbaths, seasons of

peace for mind and body, in which the soul awakes to a quicker and keener life, and enjoys, I will not say by anticipation—but *enjoys* its eternal active rest of love and praise. At such rare times we do not care to think, or talk, or do. It is enough for us to listen. It is enough for us *to be*.

Waking in the grey dawn of the morning, I had looked out upon the lawn before my house, and the trees which shut it closely in, which were then but shadows of trees, dim and misty and dank with dew ; the whole landscape, as it were, blurred with tears ; the rooks still silent in their high nests, or here and there one stirring with a sleepy caw. It was a little bird that first began the matin concert, with a few notes in a high, chirping treble. Then a blackbird fluted her clear sweet song—a thrill of melody—from a rosebush close by. All was again silent for a while, the silence of death ;

till the pure white light of day broadened out from the east, and, the little bird beginning its matin chirp again, all the singers of the wood seemed gradually to waken into life and song; and the rooks began to flap and caw, chiming in as basses to the melodious trebles of the smaller fowl. A cock crew from a farmyard near; then a lamb might be heard to bleat in the turnip field, the cattle to low in the meadows. The ploughman's whistle rang clear in the morning air, the jingle of his horses' harness sounded sharply in the road beneath; then came the barking of the shepherd's dog, a voice or two calling, the noise and stir of man going forth to his work and to his labour till the evening.

It was at this hour, almost at this time last year, with these sounds coming to my ears, that I had sat and watched by the bedside of a dying child. Awakening from a troubled sleep at dawn, I had heard a little bird singing sweetly, and had looked out. The sky then was pale and fair, the air calm, not a leaf stirring; and I felt, as I had never felt before, the awful stillness and repose of Nature, a passionless witness of man's passionate grief.

And to-day another child, an infant, sleeps its last sleep beneath my roof. It has been a strange, weird day—a day of dreams, yet of dreams which are realities I would not part with for all that the world can give. Methought—for fact and fancy have been so strangely blended, that I cannot now separate the two—methought that an angel came into the room where the little sufferer was lying, with a message from the King, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," and, touching its lips, they faintly trembled into a smile, as the harp-string trembles into music beneath the touch of a human hand. It was at that moment, doubtless, that the departing soul bade us a long farewell through the eyes of the dying child. There was a shiver of the body—a sigh, and the death-pang was over. Then methought that the spirit of the little infant, leaving the body it had taber-

nacled in for so short a time, was received by the hands of the angel, and given into the bosom of a spirit who should care for it and tend it; and that she—for it was a woman who had left little children of her own on earth—took it with a tender smile, and cherished it in remembrance. And in this strange dream—in which the phantoms of the earth we dwell in disappeared, and were replaced by the things of which they are shadows; for methought that not an atom once created could be ever wholly lost, but that all things were simply changed and renewed, forming a new heaven and a new earth;—in this strange dream it seemed to me that the spirits of the dead who thronged the new earth (which is as it were the type of the old, and underlies it), saw not the earth which I, as a mortal, saw, nor the trees and habitations amidst which, to my seeming, they moved to and fro; but only the renovated earth, adapted, as it was, to their habitation; nor did they see the human creatures still living, their friends and kin, as I did, as corporeal forms, for as such they could only be corporeally discerned; but they saw them as spiritual beings, and thus still held communion with them, though the one were living, and the others, as we term it, dead.

And methought that thus there was a constant sympathy and intercommunion of soul with soul between the clothed in human flesh and the unclothed, which we who still tabernacle in the body little reck of. So that our thoughts are not hid from the happy dead, in so far as they are thoughts into which pure spiritual existences can enter. For as every living man is compound of body, soul, and spirit, the *σωμα*, *ψυχη*, and *πνευμα*; and as the spirits of the just, having gradually conquered the *ψυχη* or animal soul, cannot therefore enter into its thoughts or desires, so it seemed to me that by this merciful provision, the spirits of those who had left beloved ones on earth, could not be pained or grieved by the thoughts or deeds of the animal soul in

those they loved and had left, because from their very nature they could not discern them. They saw in their loved ones only that which was pneumatic or spiritual, and therefore correspondent with their own essence. On the other hand, methought that those spirits who whilst sojourning on earth had suffered the psychical or animal soul to overpower the spiritual soul, could not afterwards rise to the understanding of what was best and purest in their friends on earth; though they were dimly conscious that that best was there, and regarded it with a dumb vague wonder, as a dog might look up to the soul of his master speaking to his lower intelligence through that master's eye. And this, methought, was their punishment and their pain: that, whilst they dimly yearned to share with the living a full communion of spirit with spirit, yet their faculties, dwarfed by themselves, could respond only to the lower faculties in men, faculties which men share with other animals—affection, memory, fear. And yet it seemed to me in these vague dreams of mine, that even through such lower faculties there might be an element of recovery for all; that through fear they might rise to awe, through affection to love, through memory to repentance.

These were strange dreams, were they not, to visit one in the midday blaze of a bright April sun? But they came to me, with others stranger still which I will not attempt to note, whilst I sat to-day by the corpse of a little child, a still, cold effigy of clay, beautiful in its serenity—the clay from which the soul that was shaping it had just escaped.

What a rebuke to all the petty anxieties of feverish life that inexpressible Calm, that awful Peace! Methinks it would be well if our dead could ever be with us in the house, as a touchstone by which to test the common sorrows and anxieties of life. I fancy that, brought to that test, these would almost in every case vanish, in a sigh for our own folly at being easily provoked. For as we all know, it is

the little anxieties and petty worries of life which put the strain upon our philosophy—the loss of a five pound note rather than of five hundred a year, some mean action on the part of a man we thought well of (alas, for the lack of magnanimity in your average men!), ingratitude from one we had benefitted petty malice or trickery on the part of people we are thrown amongst. These are the things that especially vex and weary us, because they lower our standard of human life, libel human nature, and cause us to deem ill of our kind. But I think, in sight of a Peace such as this, no disdain, no heat of anger could long remain with any soul however vexed; but only a calm pity for the offender, and for ourselves a power of passing by the offence as though it touched us not.

But I must leave this shadow of a little life—see, a loving hand has already laid white violets upon its breast—and go down to the churchyard that I may have a resting-place prepared for it. There the child will sleep well, *before* life's fitful fever, by his sister's grave; in the still solemn country churchyard, by the old flint-built church, full as it is of memories and traces of olden time. There it will soon be laid, and we shall have looked upon that sweet face for the last time.

But the evening is come at last, "the breeze of the day," as the Hebrews termed it. The brief spring sun has set, yet the after-glow lingers with us still; that after-glow which in England as in Egypt burns redly upon human faces, even in the midst of circumambient gloom; as the light still glows in the diamond when it is taken from the sunshine into darkness. The branches of the churchyard elms are interlaced sharply and blackly against the pure pale amber of the West, which is luminous still, though the horizon darkens about us. All objects in the distance become, first purple, then dimly black. But with the last fading light of day, the thrush flutes her mellow notes in the still air, whilst the sounds of man's presence upon earth become fainter and

fainter. . . . Yet at this very moment who can say what moans, shrieks, cries, what curses, and what prayers to the great Father of all, go up to heaven through that pure ether, golden-coloured as it is to us with sunset rays—from women, children, men, in America, Poland, where not? Who can say what griefs, what wrongs? . . . Well, the evening star shines pure and clear above us, like a living eye in the tremulous evening air.

I lock the churchyard gates, and leave it to the silence of the night.

IX. OF MODERN PREACHING.

THERE has of late been a great outcry, or, rather, an under-current of little outcries, about the badness of modern preaching, and the usual amount of folly has been uttered by common non-sense upon the subject. Yet one cannot but allow that there is very much ground for complaint in the matter, though unfortunately the complainants have as usual occupied just the wrong ground. In crying out against bad preaching, they have been blaming the men when in truth they ought to have blamed the system.

A certain great Truth, or, rather, System of Truth, has to be revealed from God to man, so momentous and important as to require no less than the God-Man for its ambassador. He, coming upon earth, chooses to Himself a number of men, to whom He communicates his system, and whom He sends forth to declare it to their fellows. They in turn send forth others; and these go throughout the ends of the earth to preach the system they have been taught. As soon as they come to a place which has not yet received the Truth, they stand forth and communicate it, as it only could then be communicated to others, by word of mouth. They preach, because they have a message to deliver, the Gospel, the goodspell, or good news. And good news it is, indeed, to those first hearers; good, because it frees them from a galling and terrible slavery; and

news, because the message falls upon ears which have never listened to such a message before. They point—these missionary preachers—to the cross, and the dying God-Man, the Christus Redemptor; and, whilst the fervid discourse flows on, and the chains seem to fall away from the captive, the useless crutch from the cripple's hand, the scales from the eyes of the blind, He stands forth revealed among them as still living for evermore—the Christus Consolator.

But in course of time this message, which the early preachers had carried abroad into all lands at the risk of their lives, is embodied in books, and becomes the religion of civilization. It is taught amongst civilized people from their earliest childhood. And preaching, which had been a reality, the delivery of a message which it concerned mankind to know, became simply an off-recurring reiteration to them of what they knew already. The old preacher's work—the delivery of a message, of news that was good—was finished. His place was to be thenceforth taken by poorly-paid governesses in nursery schoolrooms, by poorly-paid curates in parish schoolrooms, by mothers teaching their lisping children the catechism of their sect. For I assume that every form of religion has its catechism, or compendium of Christianity, whether oral or written. But, at any rate, the preacher's work as a messenger was done. He had come to men with a message which was new to them, and which they were glad to receive; but, when they got to know by heart the message that he brought, they naturally began only to care for the method of its delivery, if delivered it was still to be. And thus preaching, which had been to the world a matter of vital necessity, became a mere matter of luxury; an ornamental fringe and border to religion rather than a part of the web of life. In fact, disguise it from ourselves how we may, it is simply good oratory or eloquence that we ask for from the modern preacher. And good oratory, for the most part, we do not get.

How could we expect to get it? Great orators are rare. I suppose you may tell upon your five fingers, in this or any other generation, the names of those who are the orators of the age. You cannot breed your geniuses to order, as you can your mutton; of which agriculturists declare that, if the world were to cry out for bigger saddles, no doubt a breed of sheep would be produced in a few years which should run all to saddle. Even with what little genius there is in the world, you cannot direct it into certain channels, according to your own sweet will. You cannot develop it into orators, actors, or poets of the first class, just as your fancy may run for the time upon sermons, or stage plays, or poetry.

I say, of the first class; for there is undoubtedly a second class of poets, orators, painters, and writers, whom you can get to order. You can, in fact, breed them, as you would your saddle-of-mutton sheep. Of this class of men there will always be a certain supply answering to the demand. We may call them clever, talented men, as opposed to the men of genius; "men of the age," as opposed to the men of all ages. In truth, what is most of the current literature of the day—with the exception of a few great names, the Thinkers (whom you may also count upon your ten fingers)—but spin-text literature, the literature of clever men merely? Take up essay, Quarterly Review, magazine article, and question it. What do you *know*? What fact have you to communicate? What one grain of corn in all this chaff of verbiage? Alas! as Mr. Alexander Smith says of the modern soul, "no revelations come from it; it is majestically dumb!" The chaff may be good chaff of its kind, well cut and filling; but do not let us call it wheat.

Nor let it be supposed that I have any wish to disparage this second class of writers or talkers. I have no suicidal mania. They have their use; nay, they are at times even ornamental. Their calling is, in fact, a high one. It is their business to teach the world, as it is the business of the thinker to teach *them*. For the world, remember, as a rule, does

not understand its great men, and cannot, therefore, directly learn from them. It takes up an antagonistic attitude towards them. It reviles them, for the most part, because their teaching is strange to it, and unaccountable. Our great thinker gives us hard granite rock for food, when all the time it is beef we want, and beef only that we can assimilate. "My good sir," we, the public, say to our genius, "you give us a stone when we ask for bread. No doubt there is excellent nourishment in this rock, but it must crumble into dust, and be taken up by the plant, and that again be converted into beef by the stomach of the ox, or ever our stomachs can assimilate it." And thus we stone him with the stone which he has dug for us out of the quarry, and hewn with much sweat of his brow. All great work can only be understood and appreciated by minds which are to some extent *en rapport* with the mind that produced it. It is caviare to the million. And, therefore, we do need a second class of writers and thinkers, who shall be as interpreters to us. And these, I repeat, the literature of the day supplies. The demand for them is great, and the supply follows, perhaps rather overruns, the demand.

But, it may be asked, if we can create this useful class of writers, second-rate, indeed, but still as much above their fellow-men as the writers of the first rank are above them; how is it that we cannot create a similar class of preachers, of men who shall at any rate be able to say out the thought that is in them clearly and lucidly, with something of dignity and grace, nay, even perhaps with something akin to that eloquence which is the prerogative of genius? For this reason? That we have made no demand for them!

Unwilling to open our eyes to the fact that it is oratory pure and simple which we want from the pulpit, we have been calling upon a large mass of overworked professional men to preach to us, as a *parergon*, as a something which they may, or may not, do well, over and above their other labours. In the Church of England we have made our clergyman

a tax-gatherer. We have made him a schoolmaster; and all this in addition to his proper work as parish priest, or soul-doctor; and yet we expect him to be an orator too! Truly, syncretism, or the mingling of things which should be kept separate, is bad. If I use my razor to cut up my mutton with withal, I can scarcely expect it to keep a keen and *vif* edge for my beard. And yet this is just what we have been doing with our preachers, simply, I believe, through puzzle-headedness, through confounding two things which have no connexion whatever with one another. It may be said, indeed, that what men want from the pulpit is the Truth, the pure and simple Gospel. But I answer that this we have already in our Bibles. We have Moses and the prophets, let us hear them. Let the preacher, if it be "Truth only that we want," instead of a sermon read a chapter out of St. Paul. And I fancy, if this were tried, St. Paul would soon be preaching in an empty church. Of the attitude of the average English-

man towards the sermons which are preached over him every Sunday, I do not pretend to be able to judge. As a rule, I do not think he listens to them, but that, like Southey's rustic, he puts up his legs, and just thinks of nothing at all. But, at the same time, he does not seem violently to object to them. I fancy he regards the average sermon as a something which produces a thermal religious atmosphere about him. He *takes* it, subcutaneously.

Why must all clergymen and ministers of religion be preachers too? There are, I believe, some 20,000 of the former in England alone. Now of these are there even 100 who would take rank with what I have called the second class of writers and thinkers? The supply, even of writers and thinkers of the second class, though it is large, is not unlimited. It is evident that there is an abuse of the pulpit, by which some souls are sorely tried. It remains for the common sense of mankind to find a remedy.

THE LITERARY LIFE OF ISAAC TAYLOR.

BY PROFESSOR FRASER, OF EDINBURGH.

OUR greatest English lay theologian since Coleridge has been taken away. A brief paragraph lately announced the death of Isaac Taylor, at the age of seventy-seven, in the secluded retreat of Stanford Rivers, where he has meditated for forty years, and from which he has given to three generations words of thoughtful wisdom, expressing deeply-fixed beliefs. The announcement must, in an unwonted manner, have touched the feelings and imagination of those amongst its readers who appreciated his literary work, and the way he did it, in the last forty years of English religious life. His long term of unbroken mental activity was marked by a rare and curious individuality of taste, feeling, and thinking, which is of great price in the conven-

tional uniformity of these generations. It was passed in a spirit, with intentions, and amidst circumstances which may be called unique, and even romantic, in an age much devoted to the worship of useful knowledge and free trade. Although the silence still sacred to a recent sorrow might rather suit the feeling of one who loved him, a brief utterance may be acceptable to some, in this and other countries, who desire to ponder, when it is closed for ever, what we all held in having a literary life like his so lately lived amongst us.

The strong individuality of Isaac Taylor is shown in his behaviour amidst the traditions of his birth and his early social environment. His father was in the early years of this century the

evangelical pastor of dissenting congregations at Colchester and Ongar, and the benignant head of a family already not undistinguished in art and literature. Both father and mother wrote books full of mild domestic wisdom, and the young of a now risen generation were made happy by a small library, written for their instruction and amusement at the leisure hours of the good pastor at Ongar. One of two uncles was an eminent publisher, and the other was the learned editor of *Calmet*. Two sisters have cheered and enlightened many a juvenile family group by their hymns. And it can now be added that his eldest son, the fourth Isaac in direct succession, is the known author of "Words and Places," and one of the rising hopes of the Anglican Church.

A busy, genial home life, first at Lavenham, in Suffolk, where he was born, and afterwards at Colchester and Ongar, was the soil which nourished the growth of the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm." But his inherent tastes, sympathies, and antipathies, were much too strong to be moulded by any section of domestic or ecclesiastical society with which his antecedents might happen to connect him; his intellect and imagination were too active to allow him to accept beliefs as an easy inheritance. The family life at Ongar warmed his heart, and helped to keep it pure. His eye, imagination, and reason were in his own keeping; no public school or theological academy shared that duty with him. His youthful taste may have yearned for the grand old Church Universities from which his ancestors had separated; nevertheless neither Oxford or Cambridge can point to his name on their matriculation lists. A theological contemplatist from his first years, having his conscience and his meditative tendencies nourished in self-education by the historic disclosures of inspired books with regard to the origin, destiny, and hopes of man, his was not a nature to brook the bondage of a pastorate in the meeting-house, or to find its ideal and full satisfaction for its religious cravings in the stern isolation of Puritanical

Dissent. An independent expression of profoundly-seated convictions was more agreeable to a mind of this order than the profession of the Christian ministry, in this modern age of ecclesiastical schism, and narrow controversies about systematized theological doctrine. His refined and pensive genius at first sought exercise in the family love of art; but literature was soon found to be a form of expression for his mental pictures more fit and convenient than the pencil or the canvas. The *Eclectic Review*, a periodical which could boast of some of the best writings of Foster and Hall, then the intellectual pillars of Dissent, about 1818 received the first published writings of Isaac Taylor. Ten succeeding years of experimental exercise with his pen produced more than one volume still associated with his name. This initial series commenced in 1822 with "Elements of Thought," and ended characteristically, about 1828, with disquisitions on the "Process of Historical Proof," and on the mode of the "Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times," which suggest the uniformly concrete and historical character of his early as of his later religious musings.

It was about 1828, when fairly settled in domestic life in his old-fashioned cottage at Stanford Rivers, that he addressed himself to the literary enterprise which gives unity to his life, and in which he appears most truly as he was. With this literary enterprise his characteristic feelings and fancies, as well as his deep and peculiar insight of humanity, are so obtrusively blended, that when we want to rescue any of the subjects on which he touches from the pale colours reflected by the surrounding atmosphere of ordinary opinion, there are few more effectual resources than to watch its transmutations as it here passes through the alembic of his richly imaginative sentiment.

On the well-filled book shelf that is occupied by nearly thirty volumes produced by Isaac Taylor, six stand out prominently to the eye of the reader who looks for the key to the inner meaning

of his literary life. First of these in chronological order is the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," published in 1829, and the last is "Home Education," which appeared in 1838. "Fanaticism," "Spiritual Despotism," "Saturday Evening," and the "Physical Theory of another Life," were issued in the interval. They all belong to the fifth decade of their author's life. Their history explains at once the strength and the weakness of his position as an educator of the modern English mind, as well as the inadequacy of the contemporary recognition which his endeavours have received in proportion to the genius which they display.

Let us try to put ourselves at the point of view he occupied when commencing the literary enterprise of which at least three of those books are the exponents. In doing so we seem to see one of fastidious taste and active imagination, with acutely sensitive moral and religious sensibilities, who has been long in daily intercourse, through canonical "books transmitted" from ancient time, with minds inspired by the Supreme Mind to shed light upon the origin and issue of this mysterious life, and to warm our hearts with heavenly hopes. His faith has been fed by a history of supernatural events transacted on earth, in the framework as it were of the terrestrial economy,—these transactions, and not systematized doctrines, being to him the very substance of religious truth. His conscience and moral emotions are sustained by this record of human and divine doings, which seem to him in a sensible manner to connect the visible with the invisible. Through these biblical records, in England in this nineteenth century, he has learned to sustain and regulate religious feelings, simply by belief in events centuries old, in which God was sensibly revealed as the Moral Governor of men. His devout emotions thus depend on no mere abstractions; they are attached to the firm rock of the historic past. He believes that "every particle of the German infidelity must be scattered to the winds, when it is proved

"that Jesus rose from the dead." Christianity is with him religious emotion evoked by historical belief in a series of real events, and not by an abstract theological science. It is not assisted by metaphysical theories about the facts, nor suggested by them. It is no more dependent on abstractions and generalizations than the pains and pleasures of animal life are. Indeed, its objects are not of a kind to be generalized by us at all, for "in divinity many things must be left abrupt," and whatever Calvinism or any other *ism* may say, he believes with Bacon, that "perfection or completeness in Divinity is not to be sought." We may be morally influenced by its unsystematizable facts or transactions—we cannot translate them into a consistent abstract system without spoiling them. The rudiments of all religious life so cohere, in his view, to the grand historic transactions recorded in these biblical records, that neither can be separated from the other. On them, and only on them, he feels that he can plant his foot firmly, and ascend, on the basis of our common-sense faith in good history, from the abyss of doubt and anxiety to which earnestly continued meditation had at first reduced him. Historic testimony to a miraculous economy, once unfolded on this planet in a series of events which occupied ages, is to this theory of religious life what his famous abstract maxim was to Descartes. Unlike that of Descartes and the abstract philosophers, this resting-place is in the concrete of history, on good and sure historic proof. "The function and range of the human mind," our English lay theologian would probably say, "makes no veritable commencement, either in theological science or in abstract philosophy, in the rear of the line where the concrete makes its appearance. Christian faith is in its very substance historical. It becomes vague sentiment if it be at all loosened off from the events recorded in the sacred books transmitted from ancient times; or a web of illusory metaphysic spun by theological sophists and sys-

"tem-mongers when the anomalies and "eccentricities of its historical evolution "are sought to be accommodated to "deductive theological systems; or a "maddening frenzy, when the genuine "effects of its facts are perverted by "the imagination, divorced from good "sense, and brought into alliance with "inhuman or malignant feelings; or "an intolerable yoke, when the tremendous power with which its constituent "events are charged is turned aside "for purposes of civil or ecclesiastical "tyranny."

But is not the history of Christianity, as actually professed among men, for the most part a history of these very perversions of its Historic Substance? If the writings commonly called canonical brought the recluse student of History at Ongar and Stanford Rivers face to face with events which—looked at across the gulf of more than eighteen centuries,—were the daily aliment of his own fresh and pure life, other historical books—Patristic and Mediaeval—which he diligently studied, and the patent phenomena of modern English Christianity, revealed the dark and troubled story of the Christian Church. If he found the historic transactions of the supernatural economy fitted to evoke liberal and comprehensive thought, and to sustain humble and tender feelings, ready to solve practically the perplexing moral and social problems of humanity, and apt to inaugurate a reign of universal peace, the story of their professed belief revealed a long course of narrow-mindedness and cruelty. The living communities which most loudly proclaimed their Christian faith, were mutually repellent under the influence of sectarian hate. The large conceptions which unite men who are animated by a common belief in eternal truths, were exchanged for the pettiness and bigotry, which have perverted the history in which he found peace into an occasion of malice and all uncharitableness. The glory of the real religion of feelings generated and regulated by faith in grand historical transactions, was lost in the vain disputes

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of a verbal one; and the sentiment of its divine grandeur was concealed in dreary symbols and technicalities, from which living meaning had subsided by long-continued professional usage.

The characteristic literary enterprise of Isaac Taylor's life seems to have been the issue of a brooding sense of the affecting contrast between the feelings and sympathies generated in him on the one hand by the *biblical* story of a supernatural restorative intercourse, and on the other by the *Church* history of the abuse by the intellect, the imagination, and the feelings of men, of these same Divine Revelations transacted upon this planet. It expresses the recoil of highly-wrought meditative sentiment, in sympathy with the vision Divine, from painful contact with the vulgar work and tone of modern English ecclesiastical life, as well as from the more corrupt, if more splendid hierarchies of the past or the distant; and which finds the nearest approach to congeniality with itself in the records of those historic crises, led by Apostles or Reformers, when the human mind, over a wide area, was anew brought for a time into real intercourse with the supernatural facts that had been transacted in ancient history.

Might not such brooding rather have induced despair?—a taking for granted that the contrast between the ideal of the historically-excited religious life and the actual condition of the communities called Christian must maintain itself in the future as in the past—a standing mystery to try the faith of the few? It might well seem so. But this literary enterprise was undertaken at a time when "the belief that a bright era of renovation, union, and extension" presently awaited the Christian Church was widely entertained by devout persons in England. The author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" announced "his own participation in this cheering hope," as what impelled him "to undertake the difficult task of describing, under various forms, that fictitious piety which has hitherto never

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"failed to appear in times of unusual excitement, and which may be anticipated as the probable attendant of a new development of the powers of Christianity." Perhaps with most this belief was then the result of an uncritical study of prophetic books. With him it was the issue of a philosophical survey of the relative social strength of Christianity and the other religions of the world. Amid an otherwise increased religious imbecility and dotage, the Christian beliefs alone, notwithstanding the dark shades which rest upon the history of their profession, retained in his eye the signs of youthful vigour. These beliefs, in their nearest approach to purity, had their centre in the Anglo-Saxon nations, at the motive-springs of modern energy, wealth, enterprise, and enlightenment, and were actually in the one place to command an ultimate and not distant succession to universal empire. The time in which he engaged in his literary undertaking was to him the "Saturday morning" of the world's eventful history, and the Sabbath of its redemption was near at hand. It was the time to inaugurate an "Instauratio Magna" for the Church.

More than two centuries before, the prophetic eye of Bacon had discovered signs of the intellectual revolution which he has heralded in the great labour of his life—his unfinished "Instauratio Magna Scientiarum," where, in six successive books, he proposed to spread before the imagination the deficiencies, errors, and corruptions of the human understanding, and to prescribe appropriate remedies—the chief of these being an exposure of the causes of error, and the abatement of their influence, which once accomplished, the mind will spontaneously recognise what is true. A design in much akin to this "Instauratio" of Bacon, and animated by much of the large comprehension of Baconian imagination, but confined to the world of moral and religious experience, suggested the six volumes of which the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was meant to be the first. And this "Instauratio" was also to take the form

of six books, but concerning itself only with ecclesiastical *idola*. It was a religious philosophy offered to meet the wants of an age enfeebled by religious divisions. It proposed to display in one view "the principal forms of spurious religion"—Enthusiasm, in which the imagination modifies feelings and beliefs, which the actual evolution of the historical events which constitute the divine revelation ought alone to regulate; Fanaticism, in which malignant passion conspires to a like effect with imagination; Spiritual Despotism, under which beliefs and feelings, as professed, are the mere creatures of ecclesiastical authority, and not the intelligent result of historical research; Credulity, which is ready to substitute any belief and correlative feeling for those imposed by the real historical evidence; Scepticism, which, discarding the history, believes nothing; and Corruption of Morals, which practically illustrates the operations of the five preceding substitutes for pure biblical faith.

The first instalment of this "Instauratio" was greeted with general applause. Each section of the ecclesiastical commonwealth exulted in the blows which fell upon its neighbour and rival. But, as they fell in turn impartially upon all, their author began to be looked upon as an ecclesiastical Ishmael. The gloomy shades which darken some of their pictures of sentiment in the past, have been actually reproduced in the history of their own collision with the life which they criticised. Only the three first of the six proposed books made their appearance, though what are virtually fragments of the others may be found in the more discursive productions of their author's later life. But the reader will find in the finished and fragmentary volumes more original study of the moral phenomena of man in his relations to the Unseen and Eternal, more massive and even picturesque delineation of the broad principles in human nature which underlie religious history, viewed in their operation on a great scale, as well as richer contributions to the facts of moral science, than in any other English theo-

logical writings of the years in which they appeared. No Englishman since Coleridge has done more to conquer room for the intellect to employ itself, and for the heart to expand itself, while continuing to maintain a sympathetic faith in historic records of a supernatural part of the history of our planet and our race.

But the forty years which have well nigh elapsed since this enterprise was launched abounded in social currents and eddies of opinion, which left it stranded in its disturbed course through the mazes of Puritanism, and of Low Church, High Church, and Broad Church Anglicanism. An unusual interest belongs to the theological history of this same forty years in England. Its early stage carries fancy back to years when a spring freshness still marked the rise within its own social circle of the type of religious life that is associated with Thomas Scott and William Wilberforce, in the Establishment, and, more intellectually, with Foster and Hall in the world of Puritanical Dissent; when a halo of romance surrounded the then novel undertaking in England of Protestant missionary incursions on Heathendom; and when emotional ardour, divided between petty controversies at home and crudely concocted assaults upon the kingdom of darkness abroad, vexed the soul of the student secluded at Stanford Rivers in the morning of his appointed work. The noon of his busy life recalls to those now in middle age the fervid heat that followed the introduction within the Anglican Church of elements latent indeed in its constitution, but which the devout and learned enthusiasts of Oxford had recalled from ancient Christianity to restrain modern worldliness and growing anarchy in the crisis of our political reformation, when venerable Church institutions and traditions were becoming imperilled by the modern heresy of religious equality. Oxford in those days raised the ecclesiastical temperature of society to a degree which, about 1840, induced even the sage of Stanford Rivers to exchange his meditations upon the past religious

phenomena of human nature for a place in the strife as author of "Ancient Christianity." And then at a third stage in this same forty years we find him, in the evening of his working-day, overtaken by a current of sympathy, emanating from the same Oxford, and having springs in the constitution and history of the same Church, but which was colouring the atmosphere of all Western Europe with neither the merely biblical nor the merely ecclesiastical religion of the past, but with an ideal Christianity of the future, which—as he viewed it,—was to relax the tie by which he had all his life essentially connected spiritual religion with the historic records of a supernatural economy.

The literary life of Isaac Taylor is surely not to be credited exclusively to any one of these three phases of Anglican Christianity—inherent in the Anglican as in every comprehensive religious system, and which have reproduced themselves in turns, as often as Anglicanism has been moved into spiritual, ecclesiastical, and intellectual activity. Some of the elements which form his individuality repelled him from each, whilst others attracted him to each in turn, and might draw liberal representatives of all the three to him. The professed Biblicism of the first harmonized with the groundwork of his own religion, but was presented in its repulsive exclusiveness in the narrow, unreflective, schismatized religion, in which "the individual Christian, with his Bible in "his hand" thinks that he "need fix his eyes upon nothing but the little eddy "of his personal emotions," and was for him spoiled in abstract doctrinal systems whose authors have forgotten that "truth in religion is always something that has "been acted and transacted." The Ecclesiastical religion which rose around him in his middle life seemed at first to carry in its constitution seeds of dismal maladies, with which his studies of ancient Church life and literature had long made him familiar. But then it was congenial to him as something embodied in persons and societies, and it also appealed to his broad historic sympathies

with the variations of form and hue which absolute Christianity, subsequent to its original historical evolutions, must bear, when reflected with various effect from age to age "from distorted and discoloured human nature," in the types presented in the religious lives of Prophets and Apostles, of Nicene and post-Nicene Fathers, of Hildebrand and Loyola, or in the Modern Church organizations,—Eastern and Western, Anglican and Dissenting. As life advanced he seems to have felt as if his exposure of ancient Christianity was one-sided, and that it unduly darkened phases of religious life already too little recognised in the creed of the self-satisfied Low Churchman or Dissenter, but which claimed recognition all the more as he observed the strength of Anglican Christianity intensified, or its elevating spirit diffused, by the powerful influence emanating from Keble and Newman. The more Ideal phase of Christianity which began to be accepted in his later years probably seemed to him more subversive of faith, hope, and charity than either the popular Evangelicalism of his youth, or the revived Ecclesiasticism by which he was surrounded in middle life. In the religious philosophy which he offered to his age Christianity is steadily regarded as an emotional life sustained by belief in supernatural events attested by history. Either this or atheism was his uniform alternative to himself. But the tendency of the theory of Christianity now becoming current is to secure for the substance of religious life an independence of perennial controversies about historic facts and scientific doctrines, to conquer unlimited space for historical and scientific discovery, in consistency with a continued conscious possession of all that is essential in Spiritual Christianity. His antagonism to this tendency, in what he believed to be its results, was condensed in his "Restoration of Belief," as "Ancient Christianity" was his weapon in the warfare with Anglicanism.

We cannot claim for the religious philosophy contained in this unfinished "Instauratio" resources for an encoun-

ter with evils probably attendant upon this latest and now present phase of English Christianity equal to those which it possesses, as a corrective of evils which attend the two other phases. Perhaps, with the habits of Isaac Taylor's life, notwithstanding the fresh intellectual vitality which he so remarkably retained to the last, he could less readily accommodate himself to the new point of view. Let us try for a moment to compare that point with his. Truth in religion is, according to his habits of thought, something that has been miraculously acted and transacted. It is something that has been supernaturally embodied in persons and societies. But then religion itself is a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God. The realization of the Christian manner of feeling and acting is the *end* towards which the extraordinary events and transactions that constitute religious truth, on this philosophy, are the *means*. But is this Christian manner of feeling and acting,—to which our moral and spiritual experience responds, now that it has been realized and embodied in modern institutions,—is it to be exposed to the accidents of the endless controversies that are going on about what has happened in long past ages? This Christianity of the Inner Life is a treasure which has *somehow* come to us—whatever its historic origin, or however it may have at first become assimilated with the evolutions of human affairs. Must we refrain from *living it* in our daily feelings towards God, until we shall have settled the controverted questions about the manner of its introduction in the past of human history? There is something in us which responds to it, and with which it blends congenially in good men. Shall we disregard this, and peril the moral and spiritual treasure upon historical disputes, which,—as still maintained among learned and candid persons,—must relate to matters of opinion, and not to truth absolute and eternal? With the inner treasure already in our possession, and ready for universal use, Christians may, some begin to think, now and henceforward hold themselves

free to pursue any researches, historical or scientific, confident that no iconoclast of ancient historic documents, canonical or non-canonical, no physical discovery of what has happened or may hereafter happen in the wide realms of nature, can alter a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God which—whatever its historic origin—has now found its warrant in the depths of our being, and in all modern experience of it as the supreme motive power in human affairs. In this faith, all history as well as the biblical and ecclesiastical—the history of nature and the scientific interpretation of the same, together with the history of man and the interpretation of the moral experience of the human race—is virtually Divine Revelation, contributing to nourish and expand those feelings towards God and men which, however the historical and scientific questions to which they give rise may be settled, the scriptural books and the institutions of Christianity have developed and maintained, and must develop and maintain in yet richer harmony, when free from the bondage of the letter, and from the risk of interference with our intellectual growth.

The religious philosophy of the stage through which English Christianity is now passing has thus to address itself to persons at whose point of view it seems necessary, for the very sake of the spiritual treasure itself, that that treasure should be finally extricated from the entanglements of historical and scientific controversy—raised aloft in view of all possible discoveries about books or nature—and thus saved and secured for the race which it is blessing, while indefinite room is left for the free interpretation of nature and books in a spirit of philosophic candour. This is not the place to consider on what conditions may be attained this result, so congenial to many whose religious manner of feeling and acting towards God and men is made known to others by its good fruits in their lives, if not by the orthodoxy of their abstract doctrines.

We ought perhaps to read the

somewhat discursive and miscellaneous writings of Isaac Taylor in the last quarter of a century of his literary life as if they were produced in discouragement consequent upon the partial abandonment of his chief literary enterprise. The volumes on "Loyola and Jesuitism" (1849), and on "Wesley and Methodism" (1851), as well as *Essays in the North British Review* on Chalmers and Scotch theology, present in diversified aspects his favourite view of Christianity as something continuously embodied in persons and social transactions, as well as his sympathy with a variety of form in its embodiment—provided that each form expresses in its own fashion a profound sense of human guilt and divine deliverance. The essays on Scotch theology especially indicate his abiding conviction that Christian truth consists of a series of historical events, not of logical deductions from dogmatically assumed definitions; and that a religious community which in these times perverts Christianity into a despotic human system of such deductions must inevitably lose its own hold over educated minds. His "Restoration of Belief" (1855), is the nucleus of subsequent periodical essays in defence and illustration of his own resting-place of religious belief and feeling in the records of history, as against the disintegrating influences of modern criticism.

But the undertones of another and more speculative question reach us from the volumes of this lay theology, asking whether, after all, even in its best state, there is not something in the circumstances of our earthly environment which must make human life in this animal body a field in which the powers, whether of good or evil, can be only imperfectly developed, and in which all must be more or less the prey of prejudices and perversions? It invites us to consider the limitation and imperfection which are inherent in a consciousness sustained under the conditions of this animal body. The earthly experience of each man presents only a few of the infinite changes of which the

sensible universe is the theatre, and yet these few are inextricably linked with all the others. Then our human experience of what we call the material world is here limited to five senses, and yet there may be qualities of matter to which millions of senses are inadequate. The memory of man on earth retains but a little of this little which he has experienced, and the little so retained is ever tending to release itself from our keeping, and at the best can only be reproduced in consciousness by instalments. How dim and narrow in its results is our reproductive power itself, when it evolves its images of what is past or of what is possible. Unable to comprehend the universe and its relations in a single intuitive grasp, we must have recourse to verbal reasonings as a substitute, and try thus to solve bit by bit, with the help of words, a small part of the vast problem which we cannot entertain as a whole. Reasoning is carried on by arbitrary signs, which are the medium of our reflective intercourse with ourselves, and of all our intercourse with other minds. But what an instrument is a system of arbitrary signs which carries in it the seeds of constant misunderstanding, and in which, from its very nature, the relation between words and their meanings tends to perpetual change and dissolution. Then how great a withdrawal from the service of our higher nature is occasioned by the daily wants of the animal economy and our organic welfare. How under a physical system such as this can we expect to reach the high ideal of a Renovated Church, or escape the din of controversy and the passions of contending sects? Can any events, natural or supernatural, in past history or in present, rescue us from these consequences, so long as we are subject to the restraints and limitations of this present sensible world and animal economy?

Without quitting, for transcendental abstractions, the economy of historic events in the sensible world in which we now find ourselves, and with which our inner religious life is indissolubly connected, Isaac Taylor sought to find,

in this same economy itself, grounds for previsive inference, or at least for conjecture, in regard to the historic evolution of events which are to happen in our conscious experience, subsequently to the dissolution of human nature—in the death of this present animal body which retards the full growth of the seeds of good and evil. To the contemplation of this grander ideal than that of any possible millennium upon earth, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" turned from amid the disjecta membra of his "Instauratio," as to "the favourite and "peaceful themes" of still earlier meditations and studies, in which "he is "most happy to find himself in a region "not exposed to storms." A "Physical Theory of another Life" took the place of those historical analyses of the religious and moral nature of man, when it presents the phenomena of Credulity or of Scepticism, or when it is morally vitiated by any of the forms of spurious religion which he had proposed to delineate in the latter part of his "Instauratio." Perfect knowledge, and the perfect Ecclesiastical and other Social harmony which implies perfect knowledge, are not consistent with the very conditions of life in this animal economy. But "there is a spiritual body," in which consciousness may hold new physiological relations to what we call Matter.

This excursion into mental physiology is made in one of the six books already reckoned characteristic of its author's literary life,—and that not merely because it may be regarded as a portion of the design of the "Instauratio" transferred to a now invisible system of things, but also because it presents his characteristic manner of meditating about the "world of mind" in its present and future physiological relations in man and other animals.

The phenomena of human nature, in its use and abuse of that supernatural economy whose history fed his own religious feelings, formed only a part of the possible evolutions in the "world of mind" which Isaac Taylor cogitated for

more than sixty years. The shadow of the "Unseen and Eternal" converted his daily pilgrimage through this strange life into a daily scene of literally supernatural interest. Slightly as the great mystery in which it all terminates usually excites the imagination of the average "religious world," his was not an eye that could withdraw itself from that which to the meditative envelops this transient sense-experience, in every part of it, with awe and sublimity. If biblical history, which seemed to him to convey religion embodied in the wonders of the past, has shed no distinct light on that more wonderful future which is to follow the dissolution of the animal body, can previsible physical science, which has unlocked so many secrets of our earth and heavens, not discover, from what now is in this sensible world, what shall be hereafter in larger fields of sense-experience? In the study of our now embodied mind may we not have suggested to us at least some plausible representation of the spiritual embodiment which, in the natural course of events, as they historically evolve themselves in the new earth and heavens, is to be substituted for this animal one? Our death as animals is indeed an event unique in the personal history of each, and our conjectures cannot be tested by adequate inductive verification. Yet this analogical exercise of the imagination is akin to its exercise in all fruitful observation of nature.

By far the most elaborately conceived and executed work of this whole literary life is the one in which its author—under the designation of a "Physical Theory" of continued life under supposed conditions of a spiritual body,—employs analogy to lift the veil now guarded by Death, and to unfold to our view the splendid possibilities of a conscious history maintained under new relations to a new experience of matter. Through analogy man has long been supposed capable of having his belief confirmed in the nature and attributes of God; through analogy he was now invited, for the confirmation of his faith, to

anticipate in imagination his own embodied immortality.

Physical metaphysics was congenial to the historical and inductive tastes of this author. The series of which the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was the first instalment is a piece of work in the study of mind, but it is mind related to and influenced by the facts of its external, physical history. And when its author tries to follow mind as it passes beyond this earthly scene of facts, natural and supernatural, it is human nature, somehow embodied and somehow connected with the physical system, that he is still pursuing. For philosophy, as something in its very conception to be distinguished from mere science, concrete and physical, he had little appreciation; in metaphysics, as distinguished from this mental physics, he could see nothing beyond the adjustment of a dozen abstract phrases.

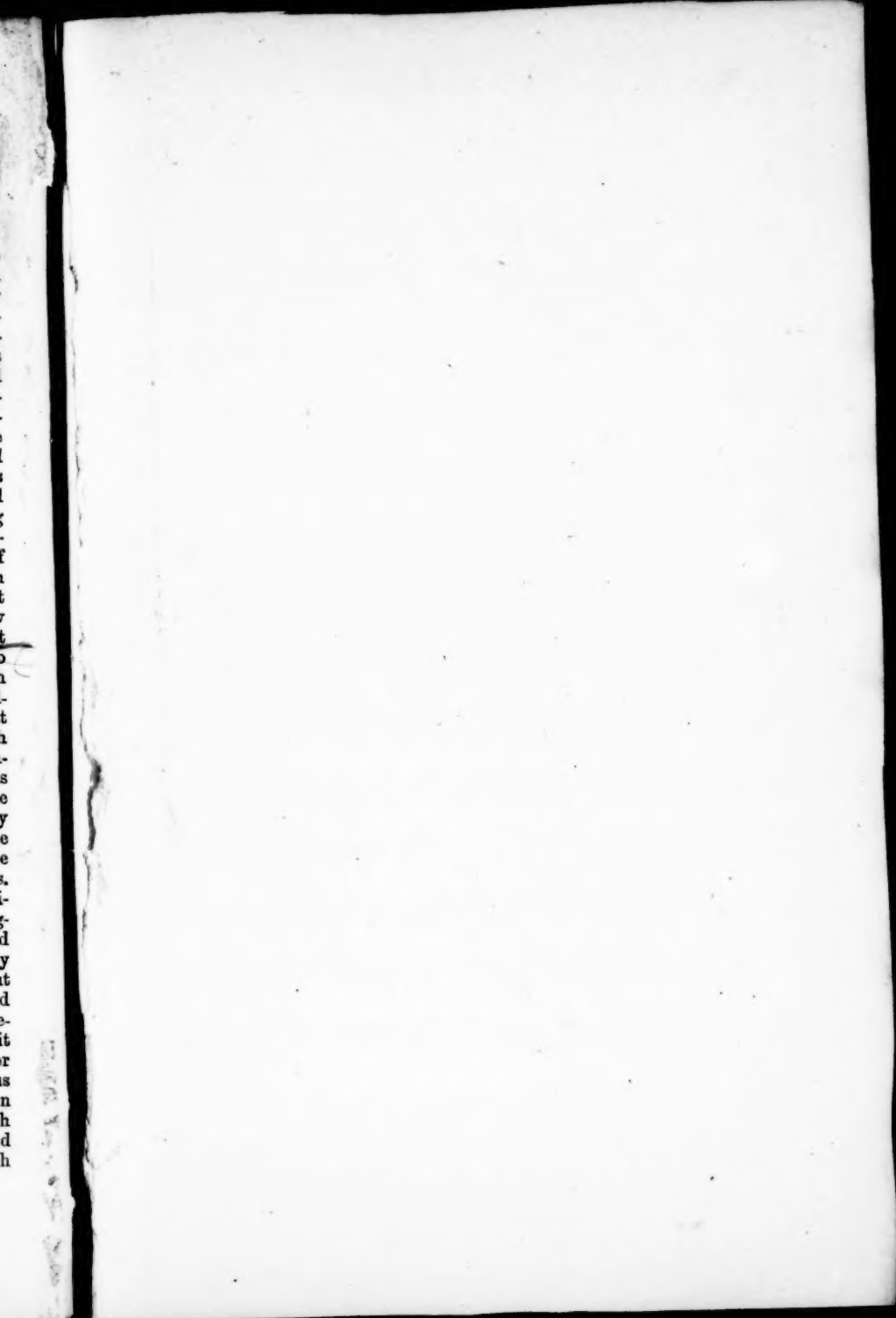
In this connexion it is not to be forgotten that this recluse literary life at Stanford Rivers was, some thirty years ago, all but exchanged for one which would have demanded an exclusive professional attention to questions of mental philosophy. In 1836 the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, in the University of Edinburgh, became vacant, and the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was induced to drop the vizard which had so long concealed him from a curious public,—as a candidate for this department of the public service of philosophy. Sir William Hamilton, the greatest living master of the philosophical literature of the world, the acutest reasoner about the "dozen abstract phrases" who had been in this age drawn to a recognition of their import and significance, was met by a rival whose acquaintance with that literature was comparatively scanty, who put small value on the "dozen abstract phrases," whose studies of human nature were all directed to its actions and transactions in its embodied manifestations, who esteemed Bacon more than Aristotle, but who could not touch any subject without shedding on it the distinctly marked colours of his own capacious

imagination, or investing it with the rich "glow of humanity." Hamilton ascended the Edinburgh chair to expound and guide the now dominant philosophical movement of Europe. His English rival returned from "the grey metropolis" to the employment, more congenial to him—amidst the simple country life in which he guided the education of his own children—of watching the phenomena in the ecclesiastical heavens, or anticipating in thought his own future spiritual embodiment in a purer and more exalted heaven.

"Home Education" is a charming fragment, redolent of its author's own heart and rural home. It stands among the books which best express the inner meaning of his life. The sadness with which his search into the story of the "great Family of the Church" tinged his mind, the doubt and darkness, which no "theory," however ingenious, and however associated with observed physical facts, can remove from that future which Death veils, is dissipated on the pages which describe the loving father's contrivances for enlarging the capacities and the intellectual stores of the group under training in a domestic atmosphere of daily happiness—"in the insulated country house, with its internal comfort and frugal elegance, its garden of sweet gay, perennial enjoyments, and its verdant, silent vicinage of arable and pasture, of woodland and river-side meadow."

The spot of this material world on which Isaac Taylor's literary life was passed is, alike in itself and in its previous associations, in true harmony with his life. The fragrance of the rural nature which he loved, the stillness of the leafy lanes of Essex in which he daily studied, is diffused through his writings. His old insulated country house, in its old-fashioned garden, with the sluggish stream winding through the valley behind, has become one of the places, now so numerous in rural England, that are associated with those who, with devout hearts, simple tastes, and a love for nature, have helped to improve mankind by the high exercises of reason

and imagination. Those who look with affectionate recollection to Bemerton, or Olney, or Rydal, or Herstmonceux, and Pevensey Level, will not now forget Stanford Rivers and the vale of Ongar. Less than twenty miles east of London, in the triangle of which the sides are formed by the Cambridge railway which passes Harlow, and by the Colchester line which passes Romford, the woodland and meadow of the green undulating expanse of England which lies between maintained its seclusion in all the past years of this century, undisturbed by the sounds of traffic or locomotion—a corner reserved for meditative quiet near the great metropolis, protected from its sights and sounds by the remains of the ancient forest of Hainault and the glades of Epping in the intervening distance. It has more than one association with those devoted to the world of mind. On the northern part of this green undulating country, John Locke spent the last years of his life, in the now ruined manor house of Oates, the guest of the good Lady Masham, attracted to this part of Essex by the relief which its air never failed to afford to the ailments of his old age. The great English philosopher of the seventeenth century and the sensitive religious contemplatist of the nineteenth were thus lodged on neighbouring parts of the same rural expanse. Within an easy morning walk, the mortal remains of the one now rest at High Laver, and of the other at his own Stanford Rivers. Widely different in many of their qualities and sympathies, the father of English philosophy and this last departed member of his variously-featured family were both nurtured in the vigorous but hard soil of English Puritanism, and both at last, as life advanced, while preserving community with all who inherit the charity of the Gospel, by whatever name they are called, found the religious home most congenial to their hearts in the venerable service of the English ritual, and the freedom which they loved within the broad shadow of the Church of Hooker and Cudworth.



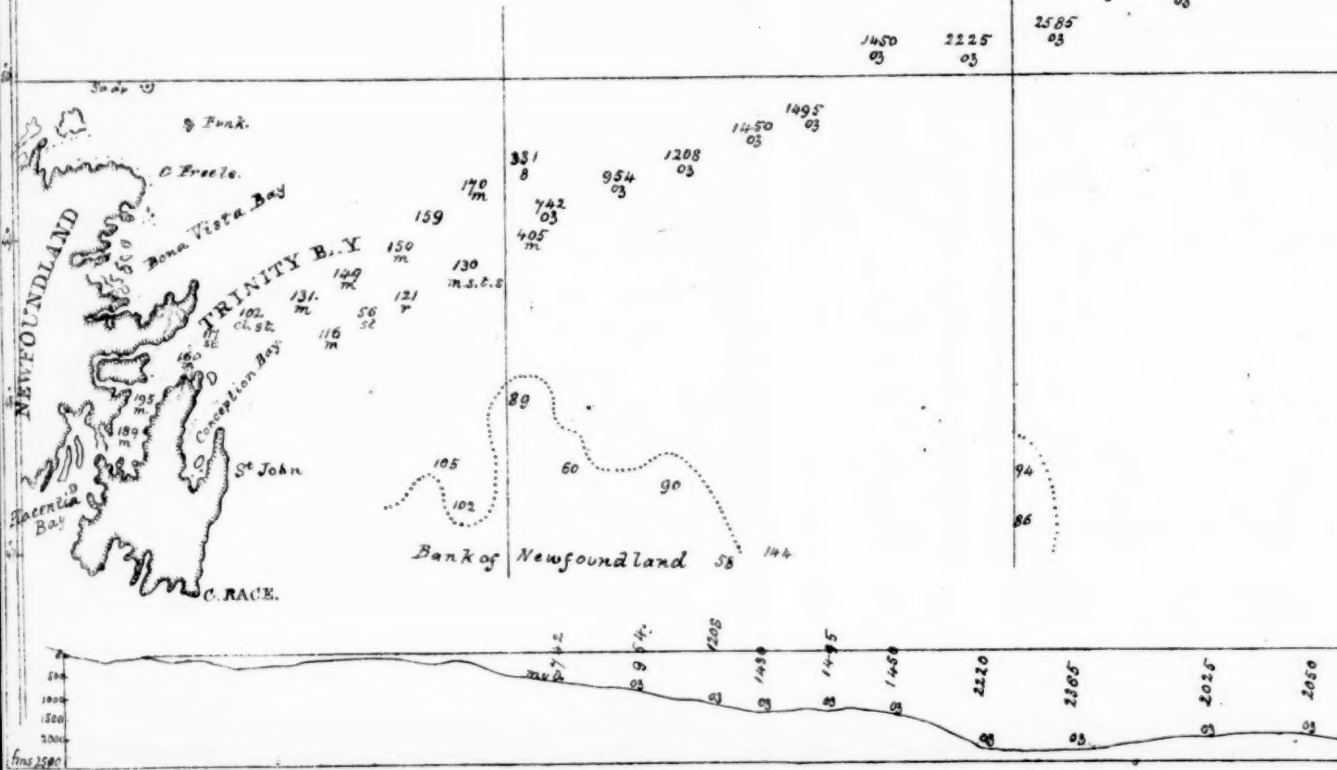
ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE · 1865

Chart

SHOWING · THE · TRACK · OF · THE · STEAM · SHIP · "GREAT · EASTERN"
ON · HER · VOYAGE · FROM · VALENTIA · TO · NEWFOUNDLAND · WITH · THE
SOUNDINGS · THE · DAILY · LATITUDE · AND · LONGITUDE · THE · DISTANCE
RUN · AND · THE · NUMBER · OF · MILES · OF · CABLE · PAID · OUT ·

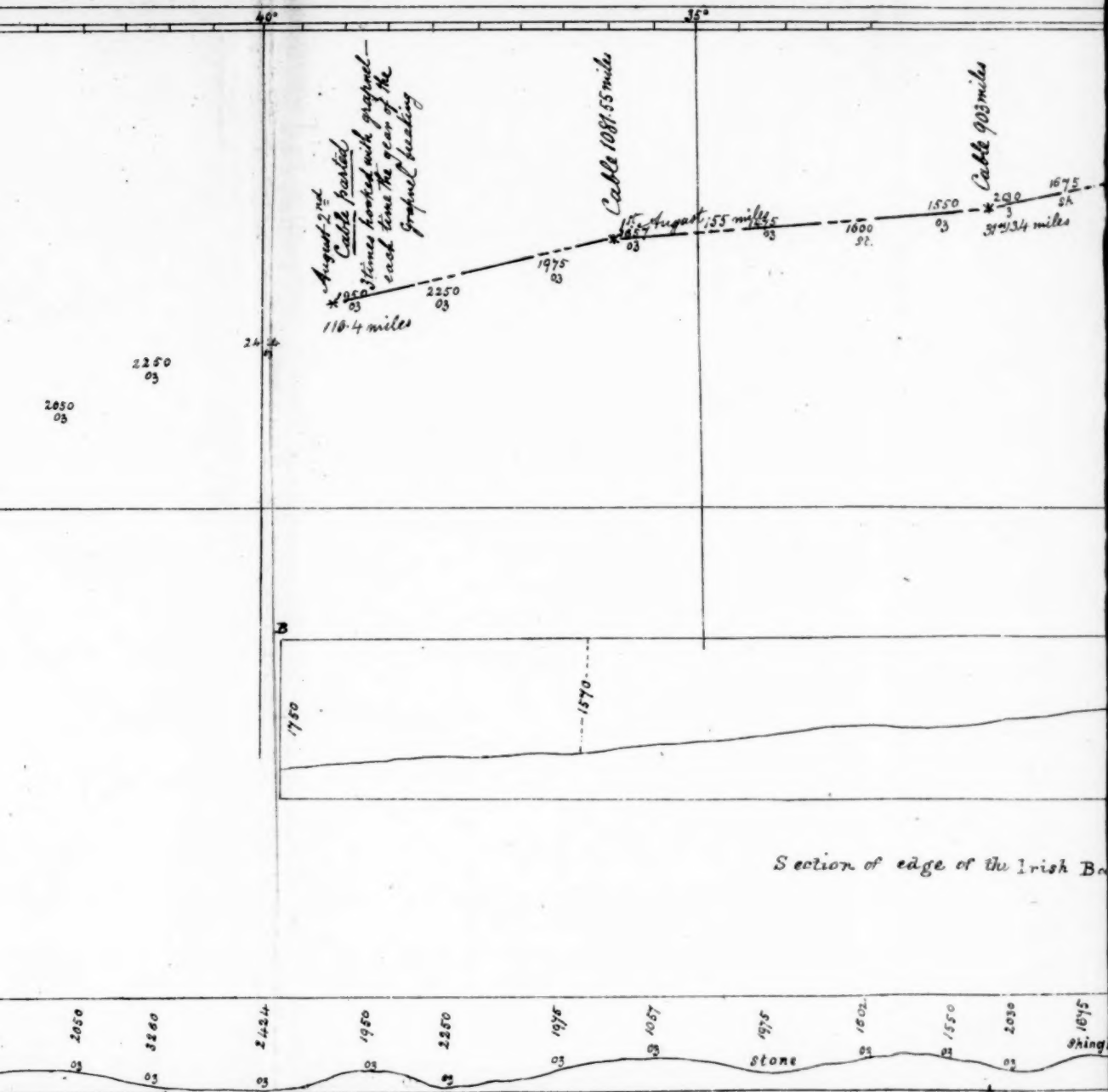
LITHOGRAPHED AND PRINTED ON BOARD
THE "GREAT EASTERN" — AUGUST 1865.

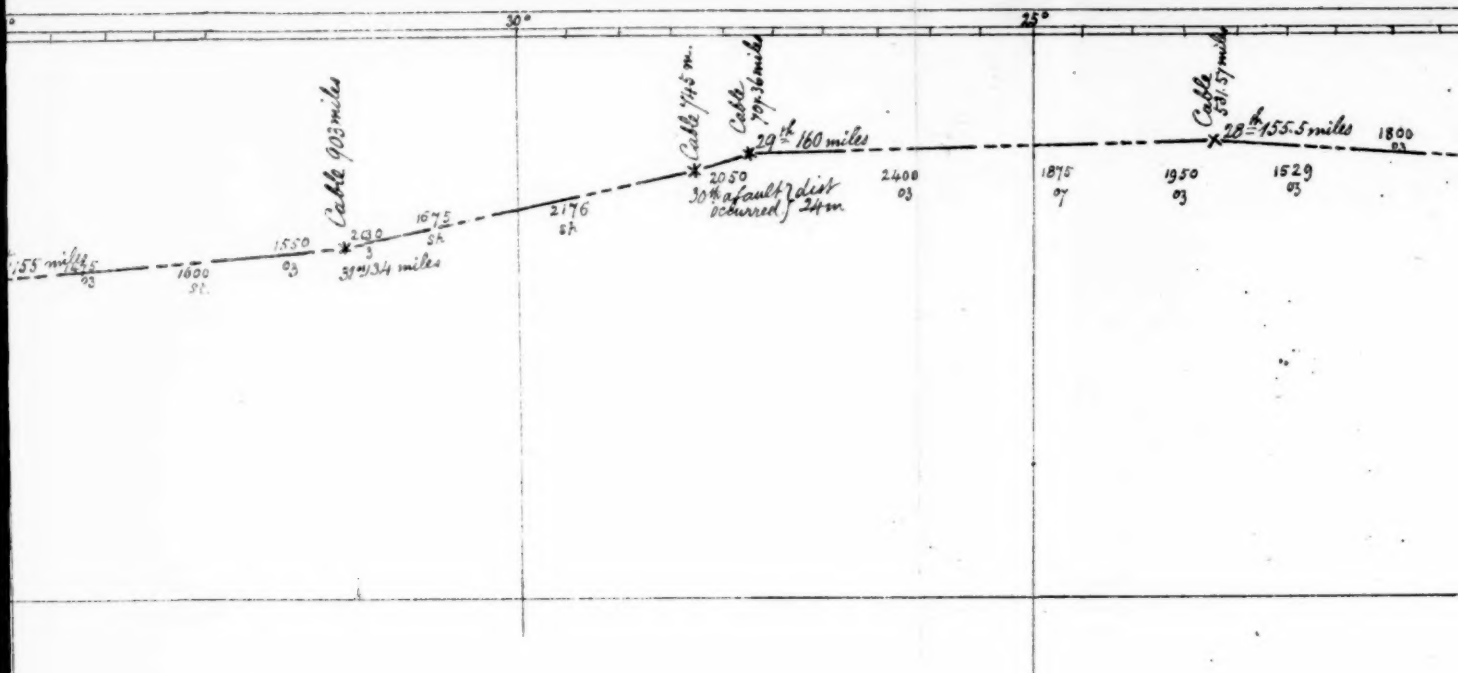
James Anderson
COMMANDER.



On the Natural Scale of 1 foot Vertical to 150 fathoms Horizontal.

1000 500 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Sea Mi





Section of edge of the Irish Bank; from A to B on the Plan. Shewing the incline from the depth of 290 fms: to the

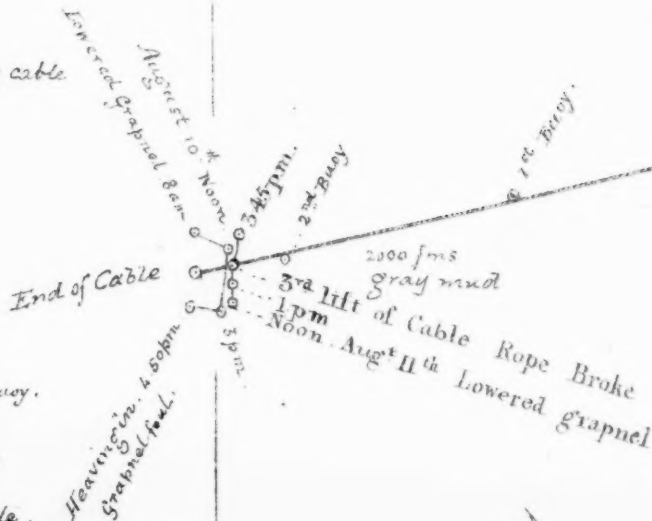


ANTIC OCEAN FROM VALENTIA TO TRINITY BAY NEWFOUNDLAND.
 exaggerated scale of 15 Vertical to 1 Horizontal.

Also, Aug^t 10th and 11th
1865

August 11th was added in the Original in blue
but now thus O O O with the Telling in brown
End of Cable in the Original a red line now thus —

- Aug^t 3rd Hazy. Grappling and lifting cable
- 4th Placed 7th Buoy.
- 5th Fog
- 6th Fog Sunday
- 7th Grappling.
- 8th Tisting cable Placed 2nd Buoy.
- 9th Preparing grappling rope.
- 10th Grappling and lifting cable.
- 11th D° - - - D°.



A sketch shewing the positions of the "Great Eastern",
when trying to recover the end of
THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

August 2nd to 9th

and.

Extreme of Cable laid.

Aug^t 2nd 51. 24. 40 N

39. 4. 30 W.

End of broken cable

51. 25.

39. 1.

1st Buoy. Aug^t 4th

51. 28. -

38. 42. 30

2nd lift of Cable. Aug^t 7th

51. 25. 30

38. 57. 30

2nd Buoy. Placed Aug^t 8th

51. 25. 30

38. 56. -

3rd lift of Cable. Aug^t 11th

51. 25. 15

38. 59. -

2 1/4 miles from end of Cable

Henry S. Morarty Staff Commander R.N.

